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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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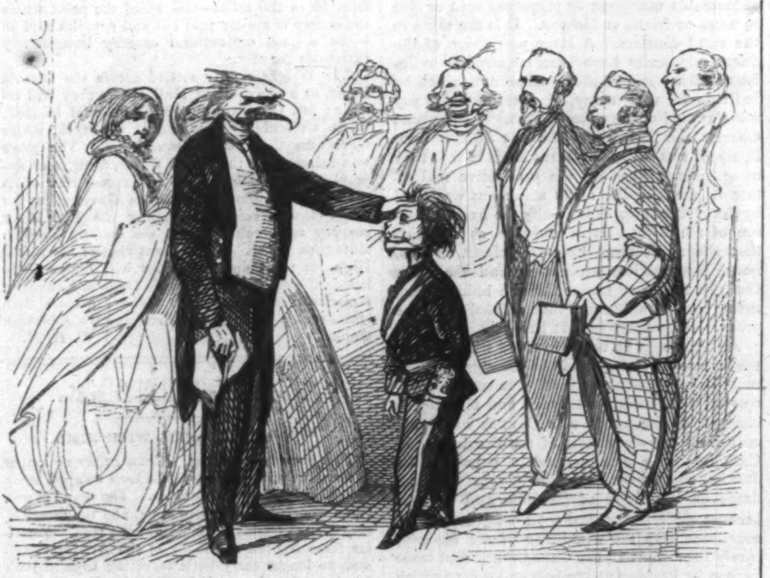
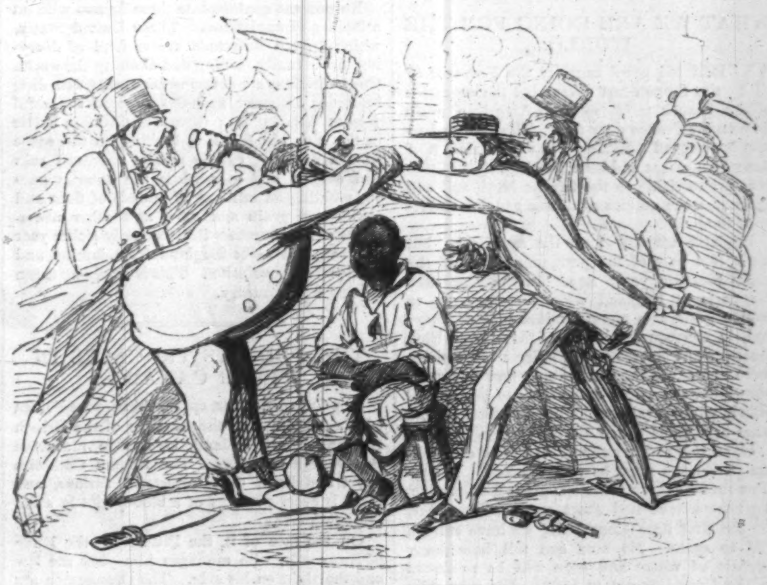


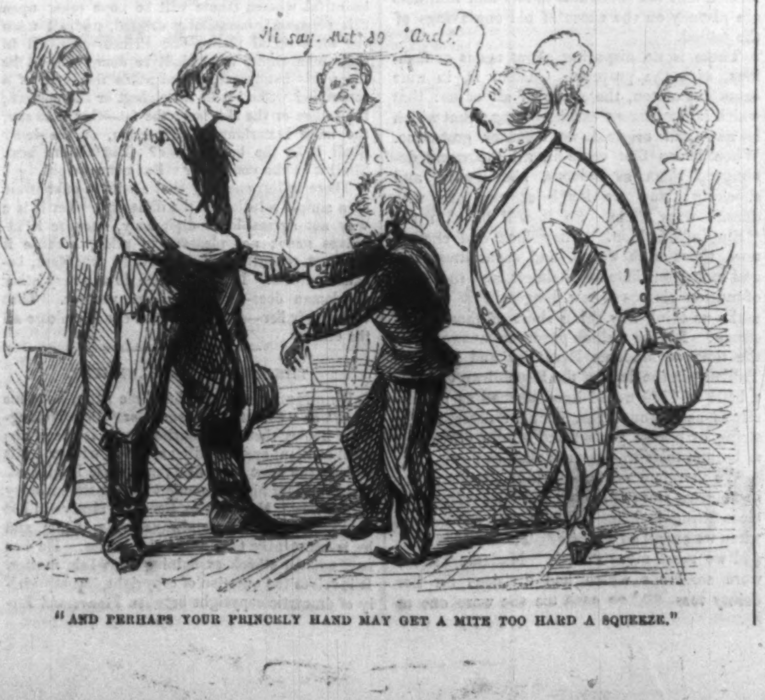
"AND I GUESS IT ISN'T EV'RY DAY YOU HAVE A CHANCE TO SEE,
IN YOUR LITTLE ISLAND OVER THERE, A FINER BIRD THAN ME."



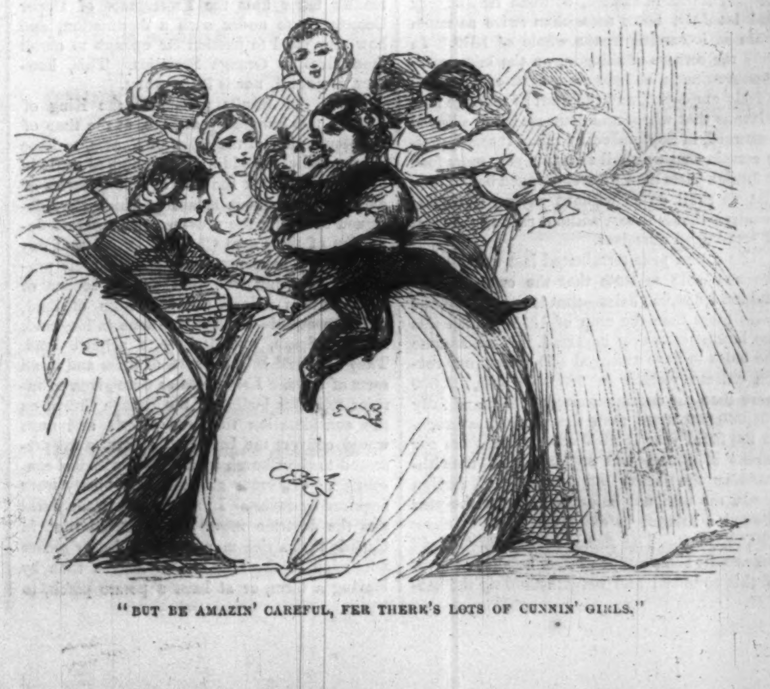
"THEY'RE AWFUL SAVAGE CRITTERS, 'N MAYBE JEST TO BE PERLITE,
HE'LL CHUCK A NIGGER IN THE CAGE, AND LET YOU SEE 'M FIGHT."

The American Eagle to the Prince.

God bless your little Highness, I'm tremendous glad you've come;
And how's your sovereign mother and all the folks to hum?
'Twas a mighty putty notion that of openin' Windsor gates,
And sendin' you a visitin' to these United States.
'Tain't ev'ry day we run acrost a real genuine scion
Of that fine old honest friend of mine, the Royal British Lion;
And I guess it isn't ev'ry day *you* have a chance to see,
In your little island over there, a finer bird than me.
We're mighty independent folks, and I think it's like enough
You'll find the Yankee manners maybe just a trifle rough;
And perhaps your princely eyes may see some rather curious things,
(For we haven't had of late years much to do, you know, with kings),
And perhaps your princely hand may get a mite too hard a squeeze,
It's the way we're apt to worry gents that come across the seas;
But don't be backward, Albert, you'll agree before we part,
That the coarsest humspun jacket often holds the warmest heart.
I expect that you'll be apt to be most awfully amazed,
To hear the States are bigger than the land where you was raised;
And maybe you wouldn't believe that a man would have to go
Two thousand miles from Maine to reach the Gulf of Mexico;
And that Missouri water runs down the Western plain,
Out of the land of sunset, more'n twice as fur again.
I know a Mister Boz, who's a regular London swell,
Wrote in a book about the yarns Amerikins love tu tell,
But your Royal Highness needn't depend upon that sort of teachin',
For every word I'm sayin' tu you is jest as true as preachin'.
We've lots of things to show you that a Britisher 'll admire,
From a Massachusetts dough-nut to a prairie afire;
And we'll take you out a gunnin', it mought be sumthin' new
To tell your ma as how you bagged a buffalo or two.
But the nicest show is Washington—that celebrated den
In Uncle Sam's menagerie, where he keeps his roarin' men.
They're awful savage critters, 'n maybe jest to be perlite,
He'll chuck a nigger in the cage, and let you see 'm fight.
I guess they ain't so much fer brains, but if it came to muscle,
They could knock your little Palmerston right slap through Johnny Russell;
I wish they'd get a hold on Brougham, fer really I must say,
'Twas a real scurvy trick he cum on Dallas t'other day;
And I guess, you will allow, 'twasn't quite the handsome thing
To make a friendly minister a butt fer sich a fling.
But don't let's talk about it, fer it's no use blamin' you,
Fer all the spiteful meannesses your stuck-up servants do;


Hi say. Not so 'Ard!

"AND PERHAPS YOUR PRINCELY HAND MAY GET A MITE TOO HARD A SQUEEZE."



"BUT BE AMAZIN' CAREFUL, FER THERE'S LOTS OF CUNNIN' GIRLS."

But jest you tell his lordship, as a piece of good advice,
That this 'ere Eagle's not the bird to take an insult twice;
And that this 'ere Eagle's not the bird to stop with bolts and bars
When he sees a feller sneerin' at the Yankee stripes and stars.
Then make yerself to hum, sonny, and go upon the plan
Of getting all your money's worth and seein' all you can.
But be amazin' careful, fer there's lots of cunnin' girls,
With the softest eyes, the sweetest lips, and sunniest kind of curls,
That'll tangle a feller up so quick, it isn't a bit of use,
Even allowin' he wants to, of strugglin' to git loose.
And when you git to England, to her Majesty the Queen,
Give my very best regards to her, and tell her what you've seen,
And how glad we were to see you, and if she'll cum over tew,
I'll make a speech to welcum her like this I've made to yew.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, September 15, 1860.

WHAT WE ARE DOING FOR THE WORLD.

WITH his usual sagacity the Emperor of the French has suspended the operation of the French tariff, so that American grain now enters France duty free. The French harvest has proved a failure; but the admission of American wheat and corn free of duty will prevent prices rising to the famine level, and will guarantee the empire against a general scarcity of food.

England not only took the same step, but made it a part of the permanent laws of the realm fourteen years ago. In the year 1846 the ports of England were thrown open to foreign grain at a mere nominal rate of duty; and, in consequence, though there have been several short harvests in England since then, there has never been a famine; and this year, especially, the wheat crop seems to have failed utterly without raising the price of food beyond what used to be called a fair average.

Upon this country the effect of the crop failure in Europe must be very marked. It happens that for three years our great food-producing States have had short crops. This year, for the first time since 1856, we have enough and to spare. No man can tell how many bushels of wheat and corn will be produced in the United States in 1860. We may raise 300,000,000 or 600,000,000 of wheat, and 700,000,000 or 900,000,000 of corn; but it is quite certain that we shall raise enough not only to feed our own people and leave a surplus for next year, but likewise enough to supply the deficiency in Europe, so that prices in England and France shall rise no higher than they would have done had the crop been an average. This is real usefulness.

The figures of the grain movement in this country this year are surprising. We are now shipping to foreign ports from this port alone not less than a million dollars' worth of food every week, and this is exclusive of corn which has not yet begun to go forward. But the actual figures tell the tale in the clearest manner, and we give them accordingly:

GRAIN MOVEMENT.

	1859.	1860.
Shipments of Wheat from New York since January 1...........	$38,350	$5,519,442
Shipments of Flour from New York since January 1................	2,841,587	5,410,100
Shipments of Corn from New York since January 1................	145,071	1,181,144
Grain Receipts at Chicago since January 1.............. bushels	8,900,000	22,000,000
Grain Shipments at Chicago since January 1.............. bushels	6,000,000	17,000,000

The details of the movement seem almost incredible. Farmers who had sown wheat in the Western States and expected a crop, under favorable circumstances, of 20,000 bushels, have harvested 30,000 and 40,000. The Illinois Central Railroad carried, between 1st January and 1st July, 1860, more than twice as much grain as it carried in the whole of, 1859. In 1859 the owners of shipping on the lakes were almost ruined; in 1860 every craft on the lakes is fully employed, and the want of tonnage is so grievous that wheat and flour are being shipped westward, in September, by rail. It seems pretty certain that we shall ship this year more food to foreign parts than we ever shipped before, and that we shall do so without paying the usual penalty—that is to say, without raising the price of bread upon ourselves.

The cotton year terminated last week. We are now able to state that the crop of 1859 yielded 4,650,000 bales—that is to say, 798,500 bales more than the crop of 1858—which was the largest crop ever gathered. If we assume the bales to have averaged $50 apiece, our cotton culture yielded in 1859–'60 $39,725,000 more than the enormous crop of 1858, and fully $65,000,000 more than the previous average. In the fiscal year 1858–'9 our revenue from our export of cotton was so large that, notwithstanding the heavy importations of foreign goods, the national balance-sheet for the year showed a balance in our favor equal to about $20,000,000. The fiscal year 1859–'60 will necessarily show a much larger balance in favor of this country; and notwithstanding the stories of drought which are circulated, there is reason to believe that the cotton crop this year will be large, and that the increase of our grain shipments will bring the aggregate of the exports of 1860–'61 up to the previous year's average.

No one can contemplate these figures without a feeling of exultation. These United States, which foreign statesmen are so fond of decrying, are actually feeding and clothing the world. Our politicians are covering each other with dirt; infamous Japanese swindles succeed shameful jobs at Washington; threats of disunion hurtle in the air; blind critics, looking on the scene from a distance, calmly predict universal ruin and chaos; and meanwhile the country goes on, yielding its millions of pounds of flour and cotton and grain and gold, and other necessaries of life, becomes itself steadily richer year by year, and saves England from famine and France from revolution. This is surely no mean destiny for a country.

THE PRINCE'S TROUBLES IN UPPER CANADA.

All Canada is in an uproar because the Prince of Wales, following the example of the British Government in Ireland, refuses to recognize the Orange Societies. The Roman Catholics are triumphant, the Protestants furious, and there is every prospect of a bloody riot in some Canadian city.

On the face of it, the Prince—or the Duke of Newcastle, who manages him—has the law and the right on his side. The Orangemen are a large Society, resting on the simple basis of hostility to Popery. Both in Ireland and in Canada they have made themselves conspicuous by destructive, not constructive tendencies. Since the Battle of the Boyne the Orangemen have done very little but mischief in this world. They are peculiarly a sectarian and partisan body. Had the Prince recognized them, he could not consistently have refused to receive the Liberals, Conservatives, and Clear Grits, each in their party political character, and the Protestant Society for converting the Papists, and the Jesuit Society for converting the Protestants. Evidently the wisest course was to ignore all these purely partisan and sectarian bodies, and to recognize no distinctions save those known to the law.

At the same time, before we denounce the Orangemen of Upper Canada, we must take into consideration the circumstances which give vitality to their organization.

Canada is ruled by a priest—a man of great tact, shrewdness, and knowledge, who is the Secretary of the Roman Catholic Archbishop. He rules the Archbishop; the Archbishop rules the Catholic members of Parliament, who would as soon think of insulting the Host as disobeying their spiritual father; these members, acting in a compact body, and knowing and caring little about political questions which do not affect their faith, control the Canadian Legislature. This is notorious in Canada; one can readily fancy how the Protestants of Upper Canada chafe under such a domination, and how they yield to passion far enough to enroll themselves in Orange Societies. This, however, is not all, nor is it the worst.

When the Jesuits persuaded the King of France, two hundred years ago, at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, to issue another Edict forbidding Huguenots to settle in Canada, they took the first of a long series of extremely sagacious measures which were designed to render the province the absolute dominion of the Papal Church. From that day to this they have never wavered in their purpose. Knowing well that power, sooner or later, always follows the possession of land, they proceeded—as they had done in England, France, Spain, and Italy—to acquire land. They acquired it by all sorts of titles and in all sorts of ways. Large estates were given to various religious bodies by the French Crown on the consideration that the priests and nuns would convert the Indians. Others were presented to the Church by rich men with bad consciences; enormous amounts of property were acquired by devise. In no country in the world was the doctrine more firmly settled than in Canada that a rich man could not better secure admission to the kingdom of heaven than by leaving a farm, or at least a potato patch, to the Church. Meanwhile the various communities of monks, nuns, friars, and priests being extremely frugal and often self-supporting, the revenues of these lands accumulated year by year, and were reinvested in land. By the law of Canada—the old feudal custom of Paris, which is in force to this day—real estate owned by the Church is in *mainmorte;* it is literally in the grasp of death; it can not be sold. Thus ever acquiring, and never selling or wasting, the Roman Catholic Church of Lower Canada has come, after 200 years of unremitting exertion, to own, directly or indirectly, an enormous proportion of all the productive real estate in the Province. The visitor to Montreal and Quebec is amazed to find that the choicest parts of both cities are walled gardens; these are for the priests and nuns to take the air; by-and-by they will be leased—not sold—for building lots. He would be still more amazed if he could inspect the land registers, and see how block after block of houses, street after street, and ward after ward, are owned by the Church, and how small a proportion of the improved real estate in these cities is free from some irredeemable mortgage or perpetual rent or due to nuns, or friars, or bishops. It is the same in the rural districts. A large proportion of the finest seigniories have been acquired by religious bodies; and of those which are owned by individuals, very many, if not the bulk, pay some annual dues to the Church. At the time Charles the Third expelled the Jesuits from Spain, it was stated by Count Aranda that they owned one-third of all the productive real estate in the kingdom: the statement was held by the civilized world to justify the harsh measure of the King. It is probable, as we said, that the archbishop, bishops, priests, monks, nuns, presbyteries, seminaries, and the other Catholic bodies of Lower Canada hold, among them, considerably more than a third of all the productive property in that Province.

All this must be borne in mind when we see the excessive violence of the Orangemen. It must be very provoking indeed, to see the progress of their country retarded and civilization checked by the policy of a Church which not only rules but owns most of the Province. If Catholic Spain was justified in expelling the Jesuits, and leaving them to die by the hundreds on the shore of Sardinia and Corsica, because their power and their wealth were inconsistent with the well-being of the country, surely Protestant Upper Canada may find some excuse for keeping up symbols and usages which the overthrow of Papal dominion has rendered obsolete elsewhere.

The Roman Catholic Priests will discover, sooner or later, that the world does move. They have been stripped in Spain and in Sardinia. They made a virtue of necessity, and gave up their property in France. The titles to their land in Rome and Naples are not precisely what a lawyer would consider safe. They are uncommonly shaky in Mexico. Canada is not going to be an exception to the general rule, and this Orange outburst may prove an epoch in the history of the end.

THE PROGRESS OF FASHION.

Most of our lady readers, we suppose, have smiled over the pictures of the first French Empire; of the high-bred dames of Napoleon's Court in *gigot* sleeves, monstrous head-pieces, waists under their armpits, short clinging skirts, and elaborately-wrought stockings. Few of them, perhaps, are aware that they are seemingly destined to wear this very costume before they are many years older.

Fashion moves in a circle: the past always returns after an interval of greater or less duration. The indications of a return of the fashions of 1804–'10 at the present time are too decided to admit of any doubt, and we are informed that the shrewdest tailors and milliners are already on the chase of old engravings of the period.

There is no disputing about tastes or fashions, says the proverb. Custom is, in nine cases out of ten, the guide of all of us: that which is familiar we call becoming; that which is new and original we consider grotesque. When hoops first came in all the world denounced them as hideous, abominable, and shocking; now we laugh at any one who doesn't wear them. So it will be with the "Empire" fashion. They look odd enough now, those high waists, and scant draperies, and monstrous hats and helmets, and shoulder-of-mutton sleeves—how long will it take to make us think any thing short of these monstrous? Let the fashion purveyors answer. In the time of Madame Recamier and Madame Tallien—in the days of the Republican Court—a belle of 1860 would have seemed as preposterous as a South Sea Islander dressed in a string of beads: yet art and letters prove that at bottom taste was as pure then as now.

We therefore advise our lady friends to lay in no great store of hoops, and long skirts, and close-fitting jackets—for who will have them when we are all *à l'Empire?* The world moves, and we must move with it. Madame Tallien wore stockings which had divisions for her dainty toes, and on each toe she wore one or more rings—it was then *distingué* for a lady to shuffle off her slippers in society, and pat the carpet or the floor with her pretty little feet. Let our belles look to it; those who can not afford to follow Madame Tallien's example must relinquish all hopes of social distinction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CITY OF OTTAWA.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Montreal, C. E., *August* 29, 1860.

In your issue of the 1st September an article appears in relation to Ottawa which is likely to mislead a large number of those who know no better; and as your journal has an extended circulation, I tender the following correction:

When the last census was taken, Ottawa contained between 11,000 and 12,000, which was in 1855. It now contains over 15,000, without a doubt. I have the Mayor as authority for this last assertion. The lumber is not immediately surrounding the place, as you would lead your readers to suppose, but is floated over the river for from 50 to 150 miles—this being the point where the money is mostly paid out and supplies laid in—but a good agricultural country immediately surrounds the city.

The Wright family settled across the Ottawa River, at a place called Hull, where they still remain; but Ottawa commenced to build in 1827, when Colonel By commenced his work, under Government, on the Rideau Canal. The place was selected by the Home Government, and approved by the Queen, with the express view of its *remaining* the permanent seat of Government for the *United Provinces*, including the Red River country as a colony; and the leading English statesmen say so. The present visit of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales will undoubtedly hasten the consolidation, as the Duke of Newcastle remarks that his previous views are more than corroborated in regard to their British American empire.

W. H. M.

THE LOUNGER.

WHO SHALL DANCE WITH HIM?

The town is returning. Grass grows no longer in Broadway, and the moss has been scraped away from the steps of the churches. The sound of carriage wheels is heard once more, and the desert of the Avenue begins to bloom like the rose. Familiar faces lighten the lobby of the Academy, and men no longer carry little traveling bags in their hands as they leave their offices in the afternoon. The hotels at Saratoga are thinned. The breezes in the vast corridors of the Newport Ocean House are chilly. The contemplative Lounger—whoever he may be—as he watches the early arrival of the Fall River boat, marks the blanketed horses which a month ago were proudly pacing the Rhode Island sands. As a Manhattanadoe, a New Yorker, he is grieved in soul as he surveys them and reflects that the glory of the six-in-hand at Newport belongs this year to Boston. The four-in-hand with two postillions was good, but it was not glorious. How charming the society in which horses win the stakes!

The town is hastening home, for the Prince is coming. If he escape the Orangemen, the fair New Yorkese will shower him with bonbons. Not those of palpable sugar only—but those that drop impalpably from kind eyes—those that are hidden elusive in the graceful *tournure*, New York will do for the Prince the best it can do. He will see it at a lovely season, and in the cheeks of its fair he will see the roses which the summer has planted there. When his Royal Highness dances, it will be with the finest dancers in the world. But the great and thrilling point—how shall we approach it?—who will be chosen as his first partner, "must give us pause."

How is she to be selected? Shall it be by a majority vote of the Committee of four hundred, or shall the two-thirds rule prevail? If it were an official reception the matter would be simpler. If the President of the United States were here and he had a daughter, we could see light breaking in. But with a theatre full of young and beautiful women (there will be none other upon this occasion), beautifully dressed, and all upon the same social plane—all Princesses royal in their own right, what shall be done? Shall he throw his handkerchief and abide the issue of a scramble? Shall it be the richest or the poorest; the tallest or the shortest; the fat—that is to say, the more luxuriant of proportion, or the less? Shall it be the best dancer? But all are best. Shall it be the youngest? But none are old.

There is but one way that seems to offer itself as a simple solution of the difficulty. Yet it is a way not agreeable to diplomacy, because it involves none; not pleasant to pride, because it does not consult it: quite beyond precedent, because natural. Let the Prince do as every other gentleman does—select his own partner. That will satisfy her—of course it will equally please all the others.

THE EIGHTH COMMANDMENT.

Whoever has read "Love me little, Love me long," or "Christie Johnson," or "Peg Woffington," knows that Mr. Charles Reade is one of the most brilliant and sparkling of living writers. His style is the most piquant French style Englished. Unhappily for his own comfort and for the curiosity of the world, Mr. Charles Reade is always in hot water. The critics are always firing at him, and he is constantly blazing at the critics. He has now written a book explaining the whole matter. It involves the question of copyright, but especially of dramatic copyright between France and England, and is certainly the most grotesque, violent, erudite, and "smart" book that has been of late published.

Mr. Reade's doctrine is, that "talent follows the market." That is to say, a country has precisely such a belles-lettres literature as it chooses to pay for. Jackasses, says Mr. Charles Reade, think that France is a more essentially dramatic nation than England. Nobody but a Newgate-thief-cum-Bedlam idiot would ever dream of such an absurdity. It all depends upon favor. When England cherishes dramatists she has a drama. When she tramples and spits on them she hasn't. At present, dramatically speaking, London is only a barbarous French province. That is the style of the book. In support of his general theory Mr. Reade summons a great deal of evidence from English and French literary history, and has made a work peculiarly interesting to the literary profession, and very entertaining to the general reader.

But what he says of some American matters is the immediate occasion of this reference to the book. Having shown that we are superior to the English in inventive genius, as proved by the patent statistics, he says: "From the cradle to the grave American invention accompanies an Englishman. Singer clothes his body, and Hoe gives his mind the news of his epoch an hour or two quicker than he could have it otherwise. Meantime American clocks are recording, up stairs and down, his waste of time and his progress to the grave. The what? That is an antique invention, and worn out. Here is Mr. Cannon, ready to receive him in a glass coffin: pumps out the air, seals him up hermetically, and puts him respectfully out of people's way in a vault. There for centuries he can be inspected through the glass case, and so can the books he has written—'*and so can a mouldy pie?*' Don't be impertinent, Miss! We are not to be buried now, only shelved."

He believes in American literary genius, but thinks you must look for it in the newspapers. "Read the American papers. You revel in a world of new truths, new fancies, and glorious romance!" Let Mr. Jenkins take heart. "In Great Britain there are 505 newspapers; in America there are 4000: and there lies buried, *for the present*, many an immortal genius—buried, but to me not hidden. I can see their fitful gleams in reading those papers."

How beautiful is truth! What a perspicacious writer is Mr. Charles Reade! Eh, Mr. Jenkins?

I am glad to quote some of his final words, because they tell a truth which is not often told. "There is a great deal of cant in print against the class 'publishers,' in their dealing with authors. My personal experience and my researches into history have not confirmed this view. I have found some slippery tricks, but quite as often on the author's side as the publisher's; and *on the whole* I have found no other human beings dealing so fairly and liberally with authors as the publishers. Some day I hope to hold that balance fairly before the public. At present I confine myself to a single observation. The English and American publishers stand, with relation to American and English authors, much as the English managers do with respect to French dramatists. But what a contrast their conduct offers! The first-class publishers in the United States, and particularly Messrs. Appleton, Messrs. Harper, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, pay English authors liberal sums—for what?—for early sheets, a mere start of a week or two in advance of the pirates. Messrs. Murray, Bentley, Sampson Low, and, I hope, others in England, are equally just and liberal to American authors."

IMPORTANT CORRESPONDENCE.

SHEEP-PASTURES, ONEIDA COUNTY, *Sept.*, 1860.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—Augustus was reading to us, last evening, a newspaper letter from Newport, in which afternoon parties were mentioned, lasting from one or two in the afternoon until evening (and very sensible too, I think; don't you, Sir?). The writer says that he praises such parties, "*and, above all, as giving the unpainted woman a chance.*" Those are his very words. Now, dear Mr. Lounger, you who know every thing, and are such a favorite with us girls in the country, won't you please answer the question Augustus asked? For he stopped and repeated the words slowly, and turned to me, and said, "What on earth does he mean?" I answered, "Squaws." Was that right, do you think, dearest Mr. Lounger? Did the writer mean to imply that the women who went to the evening parties in Newport were mostly squaws? Augustus says, if he did, that he should exclaim with Count Fosco, in the last week's chapter of "The Woman in White," "Passeme here one exclamation in parenthesis. How interesting!"

Dear Mr. Lounger, is it squaws?

Yours till death,

MARGARET MARIGOLD.

The Lounger begs to present his compliments to Miss Margaret Marigold, and to thank her for her polite letter. He also begs to submit this reply to her exceedingly natural question. To say that day parties at a certain place are to be praised because they give the unpainted woman a chance, does undoubtedly imply that evening parties at the same place are frequented by painted women. And the Lounger is profoundly pained to remark to Miss Marigold that a good many female faces of the present epoch are popularly believed to be painted. It is unmistakable. The rigid color tells its own tale—and immediately its object is defeated, for what avails the whitening of the sepulchre?

Miss Margaret Marigold must not be surprised if she should find herself wearing patches, in obedience to fashion, before she is ten years older. Patches are not a droller fashion than hoops, and paint is the most effective fashion of all—until as above. But paint is like perfume. As a person addicted to the use of the latter grows more and more hardened, so that instead of diffusing an aroma he drenches himself until a sweet stench exhales from his person, so one who paints her cheeks gradually loses the delicacy of her eye, and at length plasters her face with rouge. As it is better to be odorless than to smell of musk, so is it to be deadly pale than to show an unchanging cheek. Rouge may be only a fashion, like the coiffure of the hair and the cut of the dress—but it is sure to beget suspicion. Every man feels that a woman who is hypocritical in her cheek, which is visible, may be more dangerously double in the heart, which is invisible.

The Lounger hopes that Miss Margaret Marigold will not do Indian squaws the injustice of comparing them with the women of ball-rooms who paint. A squaw paints palpably, and means that it shall be known. The painted woman of the ball-room paints palpably, indeed, but hopes that it is not perceived. Sometimes she believes it is not. Poor painted woman!

LABORS OF LOVE.

WHEN a clergyman fills the pulpit of a brother clergyman for nothing, it is called a labor of love. Labors-of-love, as a descriptive term applied to sermons, is not complimentary. When kind friends volunteer to do any kind of work for others, it is, perhaps, a good general rule to take note of the kindness and excuse the service. And yet the various professions are subject to these offers in different degrees. Mr. Evarts or Mr. O'Conor are probably not often favored by gratuitous friendly advice in the management of their cases. The Presidents of Banks and Insurance Companies are quite free from volunteer aid in determining the fate of offered notes and the rate of policies. Carpenters and masons and shoemakers, also, have very few labors of love. But editors—ah! that is quite another matter.

It is a fond fallacy prevalent among the subscribers to any periodical publication, that they individually understand what should be the management of that paper better than the person selected by reason of peculiar qualifications for the position. It is another fond fallacy that a stated contributor to such a periodical is somehow the editor. The Lounger, for instance, constantly receives letters and suggestions which are meant for the editor, but which, falling into the Lounger's hands, fill his heart with sympathy for his well-abused and much-advised *chef*.

"Heavens!" the Lounger says to himself, knowing the incessant labor of the editor, "will this not be the last straw upon the camel's back?"

No: decidedly no. And why? Because of the immense recuperative power of the editor? Because of the quality of the editorial cuticle? No, again; but because nature has provided an exquisite process of mutual balance on the correspondence itself. Thus: let any editor lay aside in a drawer the letters of advice which he receives during a single week. Open the drawer on Saturday; mix the papers well; open them, and the result is a neutralization.

This is Saturday, let us say. Now we open the drawer.

STROPHE. "Thank you for finishing up the serials you've been printing. Give short stories; that's what people want."

ANTI-STROPHE. "I have begun Lever's novel, and it is capital; but we all want more than one. Long continued stories continue the interest of the paper from week to week."

Again:

ACID. "Your illustration of Master Olaf conveys to my mind the idea that Olin somehow or other must have got a wrong horse, for shurely the clumsy cart-hose in your illustration can not have been meant for the sleek, swift, eight-legged Sleipner."

ALKALI. "How poetic that picture of Olaf is! It is so dim, so shadowy, so weird! Give us plenty of that kind, please."

Once more:

ONE MAN. "Dear Sir,—I don't want to interfere, but you make a great mistake in printing those large two-page pictures. Nobody wants 'em."

ANOTHER MAN. "We are all waiting for another of those large effective pictures like the Central Park. We feel when we get those that we have got our five cents' worth, full measure."

Then there are the suggestive letters:

—"Please reprint some article upon Queen Boadicea."

—"Aerial navigation is a capital subject for a series of articles with illustrations."

—"Why don't you have a nine-pin column?"

—"Please to print a monthly fashion plate."

—"Did you think of that horse-criticism by yourself, or did you not get your *que* (cue?) from some sight-seeing English cockney?"

Of course no objection is made to these hints. Every constituent has a right to advise his representative. The sole object of this reference is to apprise Strophe and Anti-Strophe, Acid and Alkali, One Man and Another Man, that their kind letters and suggestions are received, and that, having heard all sides impartially, the *Weekly* will continue to be edited in the way which seems to be best for *all*.

"WOMAN'S SPHERE."

IN the great debate upon Women's Rights, certain points have been definitively settled. It is conceded that they may use their eyes, and may read if they know how. The use of the tongue, however, except in private colloquy, is forbidden, unless indeed it be employed in singing or the drama. It is decided, since Jenny Lind, and Sontag, and Ellen Tree, and Charlotte Cushman, that a woman may properly sing or recite upon the stage of the Academy, on Monday evening, for instance; but it is equally settled that she is out of her sphere if she speaks upon the same stage on Tuesday evening. The reason of this discrimination is clear to the smallest minds. On Monday she sings or recites the music and the poetry of men (generally). On Tuesday she assumes to speak her own thoughts. Thoughts? A woman's thoughts? I beg your pardon.

But she may read in private, and no one can quarrel, and "woman's sphere" doesn't suffer in the least. And that she may read and in private, a Library has been provided and rooms taken in the New York University building, all under the charge of Miss Powell; and eloquent men have made speeches, and generous publishers have given books, so that the five thousand already selected have cost only about a thousand dollars.

Now you, my good Sir, who are skimming these lines, are secretly thinking, "Pooh! women had a great deal rather go to libraries where they are sure to meet men. Man is a social being, especially woman." Undoubtedly, and it only shows the extreme perversity of facts that they insist upon differing from your view. Man is undoubtedly the most gallant of animals. He has always made the laws for society, and how favorable they have always been to the sex, which he toasts with such delightful enthusiasm, we all know. Gallant man opens every avenue to women to make money, and sedulously secures to them all the wages they receive, and above all, carefully consults her when he is going to make laws involving their welfare.

The perverse fact is, that women who really wish to read prefer to be by themselves, because they know as well as we, that where there is a free mingling of the sexes there is less reading than talking. If, therefore, they wish to be alone, let them be so, and a kind Providence grant that "woman's sphere" may remain intact while they are so. It is surprising how busy we men have to be in preserving "woman's sphere." It must be a very frail affair after all. It is constantly in danger. But happily it seems to be tolerably safe in a woman's library. Nobody has hinted that it is in peril there; and therefore, when the pleasant room in the University overlooking the pretty Washington Square is opened for the use of women who wish to read, we may all sincerely hope that nothing frightful will happen, and that "woman's sphere" will continue to be as lovely as gallant man has always declared it to be.

A WORD ON POLITENESS.

THAT a soft word turneth away wrath is no truer than that railroad "officials" have very few soft words for any body. A man who sells tickets at a railroad office, for instance, or who deals with crowds of people any where who are always asking the same questions, must be very much annoyed. It must, undoubtedly, be hard for him to keep his temper; and for that very reason, only men who *can* keep their tempers and be civil under extreme importunity have a right to accept such offices.

The Lounger constantly receives notes of complaint, and his experience enables him to know that they are not altogether without reason. It requires some courage to ask any of the employés of a railroad company questions which it is their business to answer. They magnify their office, the worthy men; and the importance of their manner reflects that of the company they serve. "A Britisher" writes to the Lounger:

> "During the past week I have traveled in Pennsylvania, New York, and New Jersey; and while I found some attendants very obliging, I found a majority of the persons employed upon the railroads stern in manner, and tart in their replies, making one feel as if he had been asking charity. .... Really if *our* unobtrusive sovereign assumed to be half so consequential, royalty in Canada would not be so popular."

However, impoliteness is not confined to the officers of railroads. It extends to travelers, and even to the sex! For instance:

> "I noticed in your columns a letter headed 'In the Cars,' and after reading the same, and your comments thereon, I am tempted to send you the following account of an actual occurrence. Riding home, the other evening, in one of the city passenger railway cars, very much fatigued by labor and heat of the day, every seat in the car filled, and many standing, both inside and on the platform; the bell rings, and the car stops; in stepped (or rather crowded) two females, one with a baby in her arms; up got the gentleman next to me, and gave her his seat; at the same time I also rose to give my seat to the other one, when she turned to a man, who, it appears, had gotten in with her (and had not been observed by me), and literally placed him in the seat I had vacated for her. She stood a moment, when a gentleman on the opposite side of the car, the only remaining one seated (who, I am satisfied, had not noticed her proceedings), rose and tendered his seat, which she, of course, accepted, but said nothing; consequently I had to ride standing.
>
> BALTIMORE."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE REASON WHY.

SAID Bill to Ben, "Pray lend to me five pounds; or, what is better,
Just make it ten, and I will be eternally your debtor."
"I know you would," said Ben, "and—ain't it funny?—
Just for that reason you can't have the money."

A gentleman one Sunday morning was led to watch a country girl, on the high road from the village to the church, by observing that she looked hither and thither, this way and that, upon the road, as if she had lost her thimble or some other valuable. The bells were ringing for prayers, and there was no one visible on the road except the girl and the gentleman, who recognized in her the servant-maid of a neighboring farmer.

"What are you looking for, my girl?" asked the gentleman, as the girl continued to pore along the dusty road. She answered gravely,

"Sir, I am looking to see if my master be gone to church." Her master had a wooden leg.

A competitive examination was lately held for the purpose of appointing fit persons to some of the Government offices in England. One of the candidates inadvertently spelled the word Venice with two *n*'s—thus: Vennice. The examiner, a clever man, but not always a correct speaker, sternly inquired,

"Do you not know, Sir, that there is but one *hen* in Venice?"

"Then eggs must be very scarce there," was the ready reply.

The candidate passed.

THE SUICIDE.

Timotheus Jeems Augustus Brown
  Took cold into his head,
And sneezed from morn till night, until
  He wished that he was dead.

"I'll take my worthless life," said he,
  And took his razor down;
But then he changed his mind, and thought
  'Twould easier be to drown.

He walked unto the water's edge,
  Loud sneezing as he went;
But staid to say his prayers, until
  His courage all was spent.

And then he thought of other plans
  To cut his thread of life;
And wondered which least painful was,
  The halter or the knife.

At length, in sheer despair, he strolled
  To where Sue Jenkins dwelt,
And, sneezing his apologies,
  Before her face he knelt.

He told her he was tired of life,
  And knew not what to do,
If she would not consent to be
  His dearly-loved—a-tchoo!

She *did* consent, though modestly,
  And soon became his bride;
Yet still he swears that he will end
  His life *by Suey's side!*

A fellow lately contracted in writing with a wood-dealer for a quantity of "tip-top wood." The man began to deliver it; but it was so full of limbs that the purchaser demurred, saying that it was not good. The woodman replied, "It was just what I agreed to deliver, 'tip-top wood,' and I believe this grew on that part of the tree."

A young lady being addressed by a gentleman much older than herself, observed to him that the only objection she had to a union with him was the probability of his dying before her, and leaving her to the sorrows of widowhood. To which he made the apt and delicately complimentary reply: "Blessed is the man who hath a virtuous wife, for the number of his days shall be doubled."

A man meeting an acquaintance, accosted him thus: "Ah, Mike, who do you think I have just been speaking to? Your old friend Patrick; and faith, he has grown so thin I hardly knew him. To be sure, you are thin, and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

A lady, paying a visit to her daughter, who was a young widow, asked her why she wore the widow's garb so long.

"Dear mamma, don't you see," replied the daughter, "it saves me the expense of advertising for a husband; as every one can see that I am for sale by private contract."

THE TWO ARCHITECTS.—One made a long and learned dissertation on the principles of his art; the other simply said, "What my brother has so learnedly described I can do!" He got the work.

Baron Staatsburg, who has imported a Cashmere goat, intending to raise his own cotton to make camel's-hair shawls with, wishes to know if there is any difference between Southdown mutton and mutton down South.

"The weather has been 'all hot' in America," says a correspondent. "We saw a woman do her ironing with no other fuel than the sunshine. When we came away she was hanging the kettle out of the window to get her tea ready."—*English paper.*

The fellow who got intoxicated with delight has been turned out of the temperance society.

When business is overdone in a city she may well look out for *breakers*.

"You don't pass here," as the counter said to the bad shilling.

If you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow?—A little London porter.

A contemporary speaks of the "graceful figures of childhood." Blinkins says that the figures at the bottom of childhood's shoe and clothing bills are not so graceful.

The following is a speech by a successful competitor for the prize at a foot-race: "Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wilson, to see this splendid field of potatoes so seriously diseased," said a sympathizing inspector.

"Ah, weel, it's a great pity," replied the farmer, "but there's ae comfort—Jock Tamson's is not a bit better."

A DOUBTFUL COMPLIMENT.—An action was brought in the Bristol County Court, a few weeks ago, to recover the value of two casks of herrings, supplied in 1854, and on the judge asking the reason of the unusual delay, the plaintiff said he had lost sight of the defendant for some time, and when he did find him he could get no settlement. He repeatedly asked defendant for payment, and the latter at length told him to "go to the devil," upon which, he said, "I thought it was high time to come to your Honor"—a remark which was received with roars of laughter, in which the learned judge joined.

A traveler, passing through Weston, near Bridgewater, seeing a sign over the door with this one word, "Agorsqrdere," he called to the woman to inquire what she sold, when she said she did not sell any thing, but that "Agues were cured here."

An eccentric wealthy gentleman stuck up a board in a field upon his estate, upon which was painted the following: "I will give this field to any man who is contented." He soon had an applicant.

"Well, Sir, are you a contented man?"

"Yes, Sir, very."

"Then what do you want with my field?"

The applicant did not stop to reply.

Mr. Theophilus Popp, of Poppville, in Popp County, fancying himself to be very popular with his lady-love, "popped the question" to her under the poplar tree, when she referred him to her poppy, who, when asked for his consent, laboring under the influence of ginger pop, popped him out of the door to the tune of "Pop goes the weasel!"

A story is told of Sully, the painter, a man distinguished for refinement of manners as well as success in art. At a party one evening Sully was speaking of a certain belle who was a great favorite.

"Ah!" says Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant."

"Oh! oh! Mr. Sully, how could you be so rude?"

"Rude, ladies, rude! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant because it's full of ivory."

Some years ago a man whose marriage had been published in a paper with his name wrongly spelled, called to have it corrected. He said he was one of that class whose names never appear in a newspaper but twice in the course of their lives—once when they are married, and again after their death. As he could not see to having the name given correctly on the last occasion, he was very anxious it should be right on the first.

Hon. WILLIAM L. YANCEY.

WE publish below a portrait of Hon. William L. Yancey, and subjoin the following sketch, which has been prepared for us by one of Mr. Yancey's intimate friends:

William Lowndes Yancey was born at Ogeechee Shoals, Georgia, August 10, 1814. His grandfather, Colonel Bird, resided here. The home of the family was in Abbeville, South Carolina, where for many years his father, B. C. Yancey, Esq., practiced law, and maintained a reputation for legal ability which, in that profession, is never won without signal merits. A man of lofty patriotism and courage, the elder Yancey warmly advocated the war of 1812, sustaining his friend, the late distinguished Calhoun, in those measures which created a public sentiment against foreign encroachment, and organized the country into an attitude of reliance on its own arm for security and protection.

Born in an exciting period of our history, the son passed his opening years in the midst of scenes calculated to quicken fancy and arouse ambition. A genial, generous mind draws much of its vitalizing force from surrounding objects, and hence the youthful Yancey, eager to hear the conversations of statesmen, and yet more susceptible to the stories of national renown, received that bias which has largely determined the course of his outward life. One can easily imagine how these circumstances affected him. Heroes of the Revolution still survived, and the spirit of our heroic age survived in them. Then, too, the late war had awakened an enthusiasm which was already shaping American thought toward a broader and grander progress. A sense of our vast resources had suddenly flashed upon us; men's hearts were strangely stirred; and our activity and enterprise, looking westwardly to the Valley of the Mississippi, or eastwardly over the ocean, could see on each side a great field for the triumphs of trade and commerce. Our country had been liberated from those restraints that had imprisoned its thought no less than its energy, and, buoyant with the fresh consciousness of life, sure of itself and sure of its future, it now stood on the threshold of those wonders which have marked for forty years its advancing career. Such influences were precisely those to stir the heart of young Yancey, and to quicken him to high thoughts and noble purposes. The germ of chivalry then began to expand, and from living statesmen and heroes he learned those principles of which he has since been the steady champion.

The elder Yancey died in 1817, leaving to the care of his widow two children—William L. and a younger brother, B. C. Yancey, a gentleman of distinguished abilities, late United States Minister to the Argentine Confederation, South America. The noble-hearted mother, full of womanly spirit, devoted herself to the nurture of her boys, and few mothers have ever shown such strength of will, truth of purpose, and untiring zeal in duty. The religious feelings of her children were early cultivated, and, taught by her ministry, they were led to fear God and reverence goodness. But the time had now come for the elder son to extend his education, and for this purpose he was sent to the North. Here he had the advantages of a rigid scholastic training in union with those deeper and subtler agencies that mould taste and sentiment. Here, too, we may especially note, he was under the judicious oversight of Dr. Griffin, whose mind and character left an ineffaceable imprint upon him.

Returning to the South, Mr. Yancey read law in the office of Nathan Sayre, Esq., Sparta, Georgia, and subsequently continued his legal education under B. F. Perry, Esq., Greenville, South Carolina. His studies completed, he married a most estimable lady, Miss Sarah Caroline, third daughter of G. W. Earle, Esq., Greenville, South Carolina. In 1837 he removed to Cahaba, Alabama, and devoted a portion of his time to the editorship of the Cahaba *Democrat*. In 1840 he settled at Wetumpka, Alabama, and, in connection with his brother, edited the *Argus* newspaper. After serving in the Legislature of Alabama, he entered the Congress of the United States to fill the vacancy occasioned by the transfer of the Hon. Dixon H. Lewis from the House of Representatives to the Senate, and in 1845 was re-elected without opposition. Although a young man, Mr. Yancey's talents attracted the attention of our ablest men. His speeches on the Texas and Oregon questions elicited great commendation. Judge Bagby pronounced Mr. Yancey's speech on the annexation of Texas "the ablest effort he had ever heard on the floor of Congress;" and the Richmond *Enquirer*, then edited by the elder Ritchie, stated: "It is one of the ablest and most eloquent speeches we have seen upon this or upon any other subject." On the Oregon question he spoke with marked ability. But the most striking feature of this speech was its conservative spirit. Taking ground against the notice to Great Britain as a war measure, he lifted up a manly voice against the clamors of those who advocated an appeal to arms. Few expected him to take this stand. Persons naturalally thought that one of his temperament and blood, full of brave impulses and alive to patriotic duty, would side with the extreme view, and hasten a collision between England and the United States. But they knew not the man. Had they looked below the surface they would have seen the calm and conservative elements of a well-balanced mind, not to be hurried by outside excitements into rash measures, nor recklessly assume risks that involved great interests.

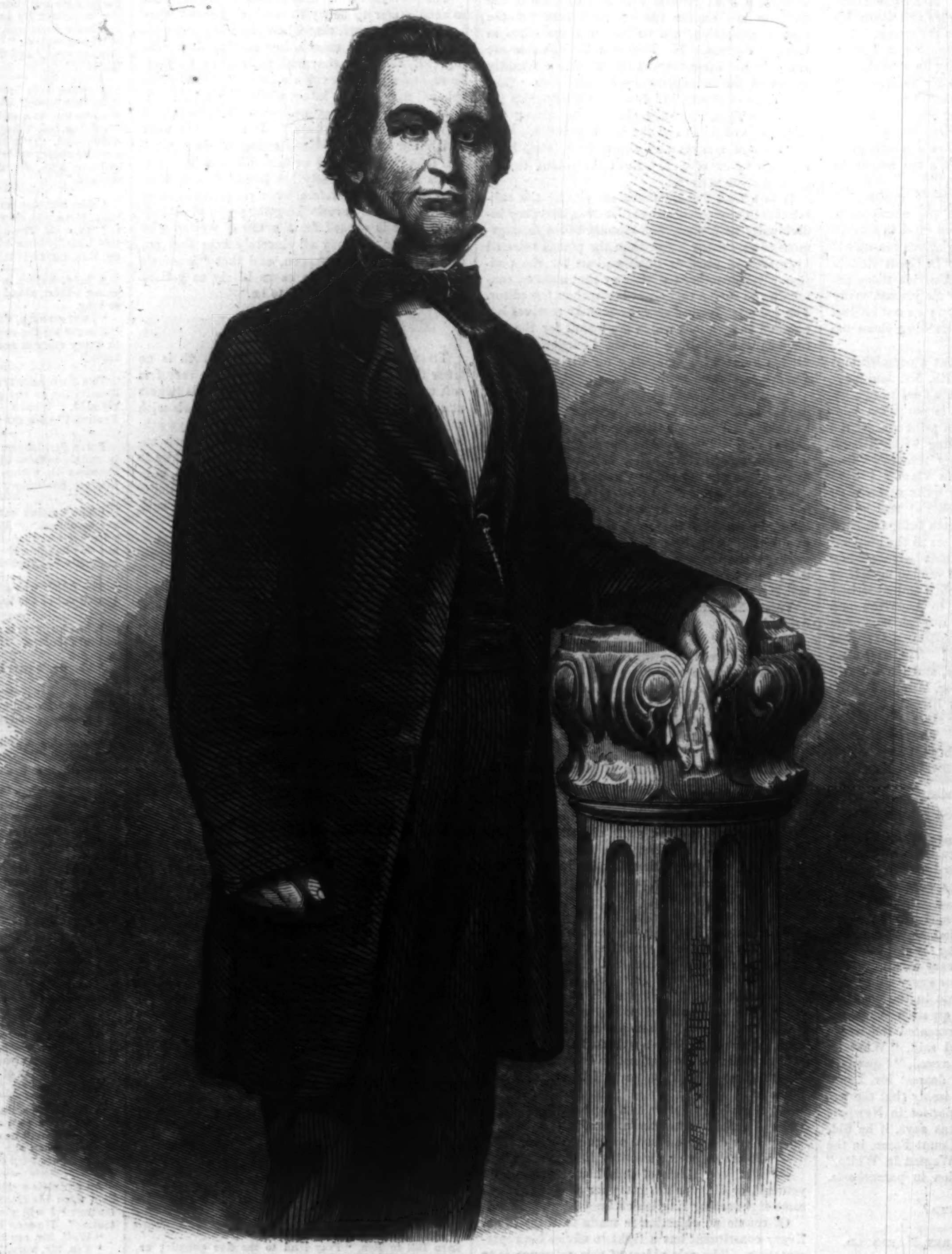
In 1846 Mr. Yancey retired from Congress, and formed a copartnership for the practice of law with J. A. Elmore, Esq., Montgomery, Alabama. He has since resided in that city, devoting himself to the business of the legal profession, in which he has acquired high and enviable distinction. From time to time, as occasion demanded, he has come forth on the public arena to advocate or oppose measures as they bore, in his judgment, on the weal or woe of the country. And whenever he has thus appeared before the people—whether in conventions, the political parliaments of the land, or directly in contact with his countrymen—he has not failed to show those traits of character which, while they give an air of distinctness to his individuality, yet vindicate his claims on your respect, and assure you of the chivalric spirit and trustworthiness of his manhood. Opposed to the nomination of General Cass for the Presidency by the Democratic Convention of 1848, he had the satisfaction in 1856 of seeing the principle for which he had contended in 1848 at Baltimore adopted in the Cincinnati Platform, and was thus able, in consistency with his Democratic status, to co-operate zealously with his party in Mr. Buchanan's election. In the memorable struggle this year in the Charleston Convention he represented the views of those who demand the recognition of the principle of Congressional protection for slave property in the Territories. The result of this struggle is well known. But we may remark that throughout this great debate—a debate taxing to the utmost the practiced skill, and parliamentary habits, and amplest resources of the different speakers—Mr. Yancey proved himself equal to his position; and by his firm self-restraint, his broad sympathies, his wide survey of our national wants, no less than by his acute sagacity, and statesmanlike arguments, and far-reaching views, demonstrated that he belongs to the class of men—always small and select—on which the instincts of a people rely if grave issues are to be met and great dangers confronted.

The characteristics of Mr. Yancey's mind are very distinctly marked. No thoughtful man ever conversed with him an hour, or heard him deliver a speech, without having the anatomy of his brain laid bare for inspection. Few have such aptitude in showing you not only what they think but how they think. In that highest art of speech by which a man expresses his very nature—utters himself—while he gives you his thoughts and feelings, Mr. Yancey is singularly gifted. His mind is formed for contact. Nor is this so much the contact of one salient faculty, as the direct pressure of his whole intellect on an audience. Nothing intervenes between him and you; and, owing to this peculiar organization, he has far greater force than you would expect from measuring his attributes each in its own proper sphere. A mind of this cast must reason by analogy. If it refuse to disintegrate thoughts, it must set aside all processes of abstraction, and blend the logical and imaginative functions together. Such is Mr. Yancey's method of reasoning; and accordingly facts rather than principles classify themselves in his intellect, and determine his conclusions. Literal and exact in his comprehension of facts, his mind has yet great compass, and while it closely encircles a subject, it is certain to flash through it the fire of an electric genius. Anglo-Saxon in every leading trait, it is almost as idiomatic as Paley's, and quite as sharply outlined as Cobbett's. When it takes a position in argument, it is sure to bring out the resources couched in the statement, and to intensify them to the last degree of available force. Its prominent opinions are convictions clenched within the brain, and not easily dislodged. Belief is never abated in utterance, nor any parley held with prejudice and opposition. You would accordingly expect that Mr. Yancey has a dogmatic intellect; and such indeed is the fact, if you mean an intellect that holds its sentiments with military firmness, and utters them more to convince than to persuade. Every great orator has this spirit. Chatham and Mirabeau had it in excess, and Henry Clay had it tempered with suavity. Without it, no man can speak effectively. The monarch must be in him and address you from his throne. But if Mr. Yancey has this oratorical temper, he has not a dogmatic nature. So far from this, no man is more open to kindness, or more quickly touched by sympathy; indeed, no man is more easily led, if you know how to lead him.

If he approaches a subject for the purposes of study, one of the first feelings awakened in Mr. Yancey is the sense of truthfulness due that subject for its own sake. Apart from the responsibility which he feels for his opinions as means of influencing others, he has a deep, instinctive love of truth as something to be prized and enjoyed on its own account. A falsehood is his abhorrence, not only as a social but as a personal wrong; and, like Carlyle, he hates shams, and loves to hate them. There is a depth of realness in him, nor can any thing charm him long, whether in companionship or outward pursuits, that lacks this cardinal virtue. The realism of his mind is, in fact, the basis of his strength, and nothing is more alien to his tastes than transcendental ideas and shadowy metaphysics. If an angel came to him in moonshine, he would probably turn away from the message.

Earnestness and self-reliance are well-nigh heroic qualities of his nature. We say of his nature—for they were born with him, and are part and parcel of bone and muscle. One sees them very manifest in his character, but sees, moreover, that the feeding source lies behind character in the hidden recesses of nature. Such is the warmth and scope of his earnestness, that he embodies himself in every cause enlisting his sympathies, and accepts its fortunes as his own. Nor does his heart wait to listen for the audible beatings of other hearts ere it lets you hear its music. Likely as not it will strike the key-note and lead off the strain. If you swell the sound, well and good; but if not, there are echoes elsewhere. In the virtue of self-reliance Mr. Yancey has no superior. It is the "*iron-cord*" that always vibrates within his soul; and there is no breeze or storm, blow whence it may, but makes melody there. A doubtful virtue in some, a dangerous virtue in many, a virtue to be watched and guarded in all, Mr. Yancey is so sternly loyal to his own convictions, so brave in defense of what he realizes as truth, and so thoroughly free from any morbid sensibility to personal consequences, that he can well afford to trust himself.

The constituents of Mr. Yancey's mind all appear in his oratory, and perhaps never show to better



HON. WILLIAM L. YANCEY.

advantage than when roused to meet a great issue. Put him before an audience, spice the crowd with ungenial critics, dot it here and there with a lowering brow and a curling lip, and then give him a topic—say the Rights of the States—and he can be truly and powerfully eloquent. But we must discriminate. There is an eloquence that mainly looks to the treatment of an interesting theme, and delights in flowing words and fine figures, as if in exclusive deference to the theme itself, and apart from a consideration of practical results to other minds. Then, too, there is an eloquence which has your personal glorification for its object, and, like a coquette, sports with power to twitch your sensations. And again, we have the eloquence that uses thoughts, illustrations, images, pathos, vehemence, just for the purpose of reaching your heart and taking it captive, not to grace its triumphs, but to honor truth and reality. The last is Mr. Yancey's eloquence. It has the utilitarian element, for a work is to be done; while beyond this, not unmindful of the lighter graces of oratory, Mr. Yancey seeks to draw you to his stand-point, and share his convictions with you. Like the elder Pitt, he has that natural oratory which seems a part of his physical constitution—a voice that rings clear and free, and at times sounds as though searching for your ear—a countenance ordinarily rather stern, but quickly relaxed, and prompt to give you the pictorial aspect of the idea as fully as the lips give it emphasis—and a form that, without being tall and impressive, is yet well-framed and dignified, and with a certain Napoleonic air that suggests reserve and respectful fellowship. In some other qualities he reminds us of the descriptions of Fox. Though Mr. Yancey does not possess Fox's wonderful sensibility—never flooded with emotion, never borne away on a spring-tide of violent feeling—and without the quick start, the instant antithesis, the flying transition, and the vehement gesture that characterized the great orator of England's Parliament, yet Mr. Yancey resembles him in earnestness of purpose, in his utter disregard of petty conventionalities, in his high disdain of every thing but real power, in his entire involuntariness in all the accessories of effect, and, above all, in his complete and absorbed interest in the subject under treatment. Opposition puts him at the top of his ability. Try to crush him, and his dimensions suddenly enlarge beyond your reckoning, and his whole being seems to receive a new accession of vital energy. But the fight is never protracted. A believer in Lord Nelson's tactics he lays the broadside of his gallant ship against yours, and the contest soon ends.

The political position of Mr. Yancey, at this time, is in the front rank of those who warmly advocate the election of Mr. Breckinridge to the Chief Magistracy of the United States. His active co-operation in behalf of this end is a sufficient proof of the fact that he is no disunionist; and while we admit that, in past days, incautious expressions have escaped his lips, and excessive frankness may have betrayed him farther than he would go in cooler moments, we feel perfectly assured that his whole heart, without reservation and without disguise, is thoroughly loyal to that sentiment of brotherhood which our fathers bequeathed to us with their institutions, their wisdom, and their memory. One and all they live together in his spirit; one and all he cherishes and venerates them. If the feeling that the Constitution of this Government is the sublimest work of the human mind; that its framers were guided by a wisdom higher than their own; that it is a sacred bond between us, to be held as inviolable as religious faith; if such devotion to the Constitution is not a test, but *the* test of nationality, then Mr. Yancey is a national man. All know him to be an intense Southerner. But he is a conservative and liberal Southerner, nurturing his strength to protect the rights of his section of the Union—not to assail the rights of other sections, and holding firmly to the primal truth of American citizenship, that the Constitution is the supreme law to every statesman's thoughts as well as actions.

Honoring this distinguished man as we do for his inflexible devotion to what he considers principle, for his obliviousness to self where rights and sentiments dearer than self are involved, for that lofty and heroic spirit which would make him, if need be, a martyr to the Constitution of his country, we prize him still more for what rests deeper in his heart than these grand virtues, viz.: a sincere reverence for God, and a genuine recognition of Christianity as the divine foundation of all public character and private worth. A member of the Presbyterian Church, and a firm believer in the religion of Christ, he is one of those men who, amidst the duties and strife of patriotic service, gladly turn to the quiet of a Christian home, and there, in serener fellowship than the outward world allows, strengthen their hearts for life's greatest tasks.

Hon. HORACE GREELEY.

WITH the portrait of Hon. Horace Greeley, which we publish below, we give the following sketch of Mr. Greeley's life, which has been prepared by one of his intimate friends:

The portrait of Horace Greeley, which we publish this week, needs only that the coat should be white to be the most accurate likeness of him ever issued.

He was born in Amherst, New Hampshire, February 3, 1811. His father was a farmer; and New Hampshire farming is not a business likely to spoil a boy with luxury. He was a studious child, always reading; and by the time he was ten years old, he had read, by the light of pine-knots, all the books he could scrape together in the neighborhood. He began life with the same practical earnestness which distinguishes the man. His biographer (Mr. J. Parton) says that he used sometimes to go fishing with the other boys, but while they fished for sport he fished for fish. It is the key of his career. Horace Greeley has always fished for fish.

In 1821 his father, who had been unfortunate, and failed, removed his family to Westhaven, in Vermont, where for five years Horace continued his hard work and hard study. He gradually grew impatient to learn the printing business, upon which he had long set his heart; and in the spring of 1826 began work as a printer in the office of a small newspaper in East Poultney, Vermont. His shy, gentle, awkward manner, and grotesque appearance, attracted and amused his employer, who supposed that it was impossible such a droll-looking boy could ever become a useful hand to him; but after a little conversation the "boss" changed his opinion. At the close of the day one of the apprentices said to him, "You're not going to hire that tow-head, Mr. Bliss, are you?" "I am," was the reply; "and if you boys are expecting to get any fun out of him, you'd better get it quick, or you'll be too late." He remained at East Poultney for four years. He is described as a slender, pale little fellow, looking younger than he really was, wearing a brown jacket much too short for him. Some of the fine young villagers told him, upon one occasion, that "he'd better get a new rig-out." "No," said the boy, who had a habit of fishing for fish, "I guess I'd better wear my old clothes than run in debt for new ones;" and he sent every dollar he could save by the strictest care to his parents. He lived at the tavern, at a time when every body was in the habit of drinking; but he could never be tempted to taste intoxicating liquor. He had no relish for rough games; never went to a tea-drinking, or other little party; read incessantly; never slept away from home, or was absent from table, except when he went to visit his parents; "was a stanch Universalist, a stanch Whig, and a pre-eminently stanch anti-Mason." John Quincy Adams was President, and Greeley was already an ardent politician. He was a political cyclopedia, furnishing all the statistical information for the neighborhood; and, although a mere "white-haired, gawky boy," corrected sheriffs and members of Congress without hesitation; and was a "real giant" in the Debating Society.

In June, 1830, the Poultney printing-office was broken up, and one pleasant morning Horace Greeley put his stick through a little red bundle, said good-by to the Green Mountains, and, partly walking, partly dragged in a "line-boat" upon the Erie Canal, reached his father's house in the wilderness in Erie County, Pennsylvania. He tried to find employment in Jamestown, and Lodi, and Erie, and found more work than pay. But at Erie he remained for seven months to fill a vacancy. During that time he drew six dollars for his personal expenses; and when the workman whose place he filled returned, Horace put all his wages but fifteen dollars into a bank-note, which he took to his father, retaining the fifteen for his own use.

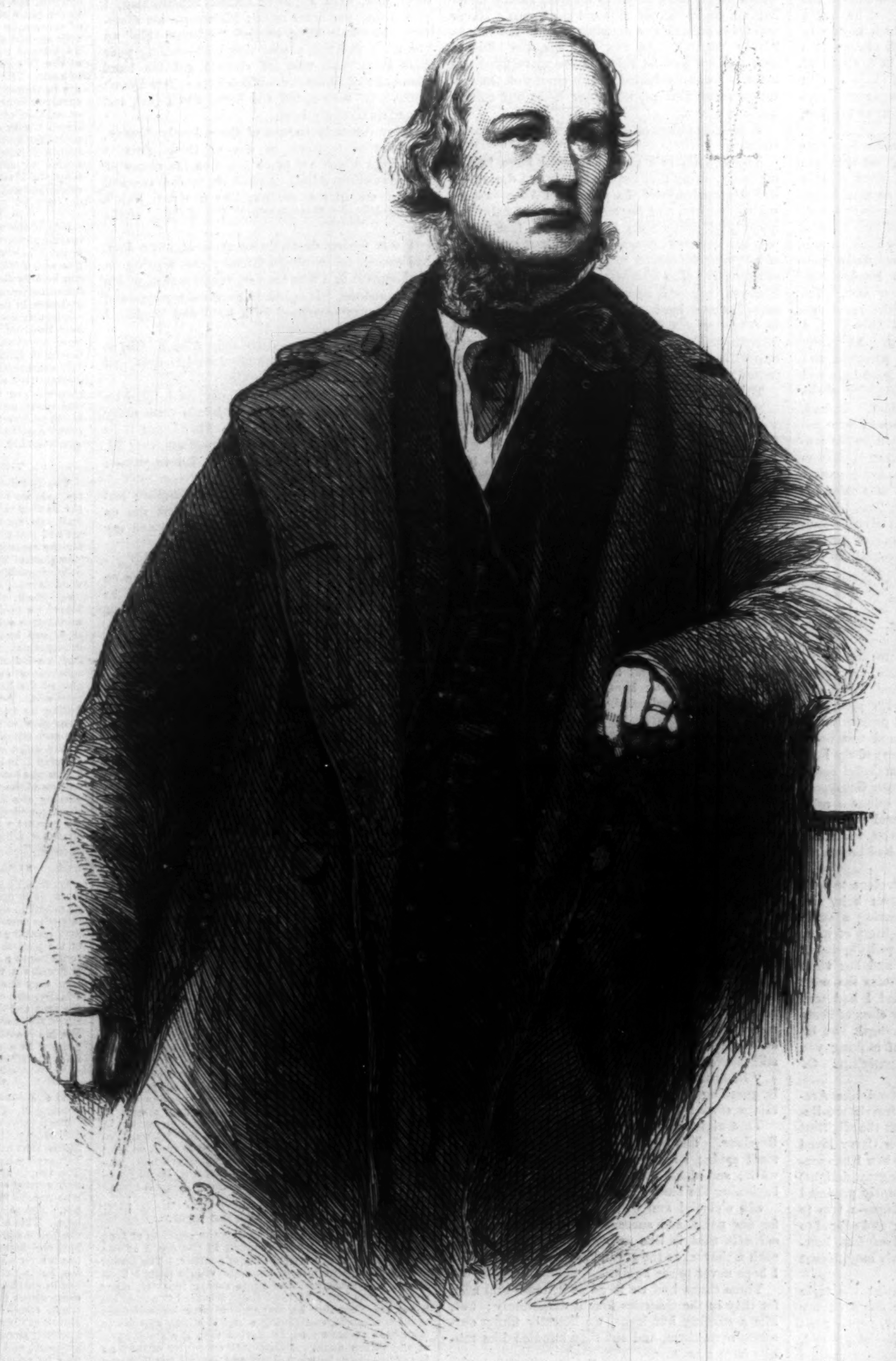
On the 18th of August, 1831, Horace Greeley came to New York. He had ten dollars in cash, and the value of his wardrobe, both in his bundle and upon his person, is computed by his biographer at seventy-five cents. He was twenty years old, wore a round jacket, and looked like an overgrown boy. After patiently trying for two or three days, he obtained work in a printing-office of which the late William T. Porter, of the *Spirit of the Times*, was foreman. He was a journeyman printer in New York for fourteen months. For a short time he worked in the *Evening Post* office, whence the story is that he was dismissed at the instance of Mr. Leggett, who said, "Let's have decent-*looking* men in the office." If it be true, it is certainly among the most curious facts that William Leggett should have dismissed Horace Greeley for such a cause. For a few days, also, he worked upon the *Commercial Advertiser*; and afterward for Redfield, the publisher, who was at that time a stereotyper; but at the end of the year 1832 he formed a partnership with Francis Story, the foreman of the *Spirit of the Times*, and on the 1st of January, 1833, the new firm issued the first penny paper ever published, which died on the third day of the third week. Not long after Mr. Story himself died, and Greeley formed a new partnership with Jonas Winchester; and in the beginning of 1834, having added Mr. Sibbett to the firm, the *New Yorker* was established, with Horace Greeley as editor. Meanwhile Mr. James Gordon Bennett had invited Horace Greeley to unite in a new daily paper, to be called the *New York Herald*. Greeley declined, but recommended another printer, with whom Mr. Bennett made an arrangement.

The first number of the *New Yorker* appeared on the 22d March, 1834, and one hundred copies were sold. At the beginning of the second year it had a circulation of 4500. It was the paper which first made Mr. Greeley generally known. It was strictly a family paper, taking no side in politics. In the verses signed H. G., which occasionally appeared in its columns, it is easy to trace that tenderness of sensibility which early attracted him to Byron, Campbell, and Mrs. Hemans, which is apparent in his face and manner, and which made his almost the first voice to welcome Longfellow's "Hyperion," one of the strictest romances in our literature.

The *New Yorker* lived for seven years, but was never profitable. The editor was sorely pinched. "I was very poor," he said, afterward; "and for four years really bankrupt, though always paying my notes and keeping my word, but living as poorly as possible." At this time he was a "Grahamite," and a "temperance man," and a Whig in politics. He wrote leaders for the *Daily Whig*; and in the campaign of 1838 edited the *Jeffersonian*. In 1840 he established the *Log Cabin*, a Harrison campaign paper, and the most extraordinary journal of the kind ever issued. Forty-eight thousand copies of the first number were sold, and the issue rose rapidly to nearly ninety thousand. On the 3d of April, 1841, appeared the announcement of a new paper to be called the *New York Tribune*, to which subscriptions were respectfully solicited by Horace Greeley, 30 Ann Street. The first number was issued on the 10th of April, 1841—a paper one-third the size of the present, and sold for one cent. It began with six hundred subscribers. Five thousand copies of the first number were printed, which were, with difficulty, given away. The expenses of the first week were $525; the receipts, $92. The editor's cash capital was a thousand dollars, and that borrowed! But the effort of another journal to suppress it excited public attention and sympathy. Its seventh week began with an issue of eleven thousand; and its second year ended with twenty thousand subscribers and a daily press of advertisements.

In 1848 Mr. Greeley was elected a representative in Congress; and the day after he took the oaths and his seat he gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill to discourage speculation in the public lands, and establish homesteads upon the same. Soon after appeared in the *Tribune* the famous Congressional Mileage exposure, which made a breeze in Congress. Mr. Greeley perpetually attacked the details of what he considered dishonest measures, which, from their insignificance, are usually overlooked.

During the last ten years, in which there has been a constant call for lecturers, no man has been more widely sought than Mr. Greeley. He has few of the gifts of the orator, and yet he always holds his audience. His voice is thin and shrill, almost querulous in tone; his manner is sometimes grotesque; but the clear, incisive sense of what he says enlightens if it does not dazzle. Mr. Parton, his biographer, to whom we, in common with all who wish to know the facts of Mr. Greeley's life, are so much indebted, justly remarks his



HON. HORACE GREELEY.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

freedom from the "self-demoralizing" habit of speaking for effect. He always has something to say, and he says it so that every body can understand it, whether he agree with it or not.

In 1851 Mr. Greeley went to Europe, and was one of the jurymen at the Great Exhibition in the Crystal Palace, and at the banquet of the Commissioners he proposed, in a characteristic speech, the health of Joseph Paxton. He has since made another visit to Europe; and in the year 1859 he crossed the Plains to California. As an author, he is known by his "Hints toward Reforms," published in 1850; his "Glances at Europe," in 1852; his "History of the Struggle for Slavery Extension or Restriction," in 1856; his account of his California journey, and the life and prospects of the great Plains; and a "Political Text-Book," just issued. Mr. Greeley has not lost his love for the soil and its cultivation. Like many men who were born in the absolute quiet of rural life, and have passed their manhood in cities, and in the midst of the most exciting struggles, he has a yearning fondness for the repose which is doubly beautiful by distance, and which will always be a dream. He expresses this feeling in a strain of pensive tenderness, full of the truest eloquence, in an address before the Indiana State Agricultural Society, in 1853. But he still remains at his post, the chief editor of the *Tribune*.

Mr. Greeley's opinions upon all public questions are very decided and well known; but they are often grossly misrepresented. He never shrinks from expressing them plainly; and no man in the country is more cordially hated or sincerely loved, although, in justice, it should be said that his enemies are mainly among those who do not personally know him. As an editor, he talks daily upon the most interesting subjects with hundreds of thousands of persons whom he never saw. Yet with many of them, especially in the rural districts of the West and the State of New York, a word from Greeley is truth and law. At public meetings, upon all occasions, his presence and name are greeted with a laughing, good-humored applause, in which, however, the sincerity of the feeling for the man is clearly evident. Indeed, there is probably no man in the country who has so direct and positive an influence upon public sentiment as Horace Greeley. His career is characteristically American. He is the most perfect Yankee the country has produced. His aims, his methods, his philosophy, his character, and his success are of the New World and its civilization; and the secret of his influence is unquestionably the profound conviction of the "log-cabin" that he is an honest man.

ALICE FULTON.

Alice Fulton was a governess to my sister, Carry Barton, a pretty, pouting, petulant young lady of about sixteen. I, Phil Barton, was a fine young fellow, not quite twenty, with plenty of money, an air *distingué*, a very fair proportion of limbs, chest, *physique*, and inches, and was indubitably the pride (as also the only son) of my lady mother, who was a widow upon a majestic scale, and whose household in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, was carried on in a style of splendor commensurate with the jointure of several successive units, tens, hundreds, thous—, and so on, which my father, a distinguished diplomatist, had bequeathed to her.

Alice Fulton was something marvelous to look upon. She was fair, she had brown hair, and sweet sunny eyes, and a mouth wearing a smile upon it rarely seen among the daughters of men. Her manners were quiet; her tranquil dignity at times used to puzzle "mamma;" and her voice was "soft, gentle, and low." She was the most lovely creature I had ever seen, and I had seen thousands every where, and of every class of beauty; and I loved her with such a strength and intensity of passion, that I despair of making you understand its fierce and fervid fanaticism. Of course it was a first love.

She sang like Malibran; she played like Arabella Goddard; she painted like a female pré-Raphaelite—each—either—any, without the slightest fuss or bother. My impulsive sister Carry loved her with a generous warmth; and when I happened to let fall (to the little *intriguante's* great delight) how deeply I was smitten, she promptly proposed an elopement—a clandestine marriage—a trip to Gretna; *that* would be so delightful; and offered to manage it for me, all by herself. I confess, however, I stood in considerable awe of my magnificent mamma.

The moment of the explosion came; the train was laid; and one morning I was down on my knees before her in the drawing-room, pouring out of the very fullness of a very foolish—let me add, also, a very honest—heart, the devouring passion I felt for her. I told Alice Fulton that I loved her; and she frightened me almost out of my wits at the deadly pallor that overspread her face.

"Oh, Mr. Barton!" she said, "I had thought you too good-natured—too generous—to insult me by such foolish words and conduct!"

My mother came into the room at the moment, and I was still on my knees. This time, however, a horrible idea of the absurd was mingling with the positive pain of her cold words and her icy looks; and I know not how I scrambled to my feet, as my lady closed the door, and *looked* unutterable amazement.

"Why, good gracious!" gasped my radiant mamma, sinking upon a chair, "what does this mean? Tell me directly."

"It means, Madam, that I must conclude my engagement with you without another hour's delay!" said Miss Fulton, in her low, steady voice.

"Indeed!" returned the lady, sarcastically. "But, guessing from what I see, perhaps it is as well, and that it will be very good taste on your part to do so."

Alice Fulton, with her white face, glided in a ghostly manner out of the room.

"The treacherous, designing minx!" exclaimed the lady, with bitter emphasis.

"Mamma, please don't; I can't—I *won't* bear it," I said, hotly. "She is all that's good and virtuous, by George! she is," I went on, and in effect somewhat tamed down that impetuous lady by my protestations.

So Alice Fulton left that afternoon. My sister Carry went about the house fuming like a little "termagant;" and I was frantic for nearly a week, till Carry found out that she was domiciled at the house of those dreadful Toppingtower girls, whither, on a certain day in question, I went, and had an interview (fortunately the girls were out) with Alice.

You have guessed how it ended, have you not?

To think how those calm, beautiful eyes could lighten up and flash; that those delicately tinted cheeks could become all of a ruddy glow, and the next moment pale as any ashes; that the voice which was to me a music as magical as any under heaven, could become cold and stern even. Never was transformation so complete, and to me so positively fearful! She was deaf, she was blind to me; and my passion only became more fixed and utter. I was fascinated. The chains of the sorceress were adamant, while her heart was cold as a frozen grave.

A couple of days afterward I was ordered to the Crimea.

Through Carry's aid—she would have helped me in any thing that required dash and daring—I had possessed myself of a portrait of Alice—a marvelous likeness, and impressed with that calm and queenly placidity upon her wondrous face which was her characteristic, and the highest expression of a type of loveliness so uncommon, and which I can conceive of as *idealistic*, and not to be realized. She was very real, however, was Alice. I loved her—I adored her! Beautiful Alice!—so proud, so calm—or was it that she was merely cold and incredulous? I saw her once more, and Carry was with us. I know I was a very child as I repeated my passionate story.

This time she seemed touched.

"If what you say be true, Mr. Barton—well, I will for once call you 'Philip'—if what you say be true, 'Philip,' I should feel grateful for the—for the preference you show toward one who is poor and friendless, and dependent on the caprice of those who have the means of her support and livelihood in their hands. But it can not be—indeed it can not—and you must know it, too. You may keep my portrait, if it pleases you to have it by you; and I bid you farewell, and pray that God may protect you in storm and battle, and keep you a good and honest-hearted man."

How her words thrilled in the depths of my inmost soul! How her lips trembled, and her lambent eyes filled with tears! She kissed Carry tenderly; she loved the wayward beauty, with her passionate temper and her generous sentiments; and—and she shook hands with me, and—and I bent over them and cried.

* * * * * *

I was at Sebastopol, sitting in one of the parallels on the approach to the Quarries, and reading, for the twentieth time, a letter all erased and besmeared, and kissing a portrait which I kept in a pocket I had stitched myself, and fixed just over the heart. Of *course* I wanted to be shot—or I didn't want to be shot—with this picture on that indicative region. I was ill, and worn, and weak; but I hadn't lost pluck—not one of us had, I am proud to say; and oh, my Alice! my heart was yearning toward her more fondly than ever.

That letter was from her. I had entreated (through Carry) for a line. It came. It was womanly—full of feeling—but it gave me less of hope than ever.

I was just folding it up; had put the portrait away; when, *ping!* came something by, and I heard a gasp and a fall, and turning, saw one of my company on the ground, with a round red spot on the forehead, and the brave, rash heart was still forever.

"Blast them Quarries!" said a soldier, furiously gnashing his teeth; "that's where the cussed things come from."

That night we were to attempt to dislodge the Russians. The night *is* come. I have put sentiment aside; I am getting ready for the desperate work; and about a thousand men in all are about beginning the bloody game.

Six o'clock! and we have made a grand rush for our point, and succeeded through an infernal *mitraille* that is like an awful death sirocco, for such a charnel as the ground about us soon became I hope never to see again.

Three times had we to go at it, tooth and nail, for they in the Quarries fought desperately; but, like a surging hurricane, we literally flung ourselves upon them, and out they bundled like rabbits from a burrow.

The French had the Mamelon; the Zouaves had footing on the outer rim of the parapets—and wasn't their "pepper" hot? that's all! Gordon's Battery was playing like an organ in a paroxysm of diapasons; and we, on our parts, were at it in the Quarries. We had got them, and we had to make six—no less than *six*—tremendous bayonet and hand-to-hand fights, that night, to *keep* them. We succeeded; but, before that pass came, I was beautifully doubled up.

I was hit on the chest, but without any sense of sustaining a violent blow. A rifle-ball came on my breast—on the picture of Alice—making but one crack across the glass which covered it, as if it had been cut by a diamond, but driving the frame into my side, and bedding it within the fractures of two broken ribs. Down I went twenty feet, and I knew no more.

* * * * * *

I am on board ship at Balaklava, in the "sick bay." My wound was a smasher, and I escaped by a miracle. Do you think, my reader, that this fair picture did not acquire a new virtue in my eyes?—that it was a talisman, an amulet, a safeguard—I knew not what?

Soon I was able to leave Constantinople, and I take a whim in my head, and, very shortly afterward, I, with Jack Brady, am going through the Splügen Pass. I have changed bear-skin and sabre-tasche for the burschen's cap and "Murray's Hand-Book." And Alice Fulton lives within my heart, as her portrait lies upon my breast; and Jack Brady, I find, has written home to my sister Carry to tell her he can't make me out. Wonders if I am still in love! Oh, Jack, my friend, my brother, more than ever!

We were going to a certain town celebrated for its treasures in carvings and medieval arts generally. A carriage of the heaviest Long Acre make was coming down-hill at a speed that startled us both—Jack and me—and Jack is not easily startled. The drag-chain had given way, and a peril most imminent lay before those the strong but unwieldy carriage contained. I knew very little more of the matter. Instinct made me leap to the leader's head, and, with a power almost superhuman, I pulled the poor brute aside; his companion stumbled, the whole thing toppled "athwart-ship" on the road, and not a soul was hurt—saving yours humble servant, who (of course) got his hand jammed and dislocated—which first or last I don't know. Of course, too, one horse was killed, and the other fearfully hurt.

I lay dreamily on one of those lovely, breezy, vine-shaded terraces, in one of those pleasant dwellings which are to be found on the slopes of the clustering Alps. And Jack tended me, and nursed me like a mother, like a sister, like a brother—pooh! lackadaisical! I'm nothing of the kind.

I was dozing dreamily on some cushions Jack had caused to be placed for me; and, hearing an exclamation in a tone the very tenderness of which unmanned me, "It is him!" I opened my eyes and saw a figure enveloped in a hood and cloak. I knew it at once—at once!

It was the figure of Alice—my Alice! Oh, so beloved! so beautiful, with her dove-like eyes, and her serene, yet sorrowful smile.

"Alice! Alice!" I cried, faintly, as I lifted up my weak pulsing, palpitating hands (one sadly bruised) toward her. "Alice! Alice! can it be you? Oh, hear me before I die—I am very ill, they say—hear me say, once more, I love you—I love you—"

"Oh, he loves me!" I heard her murmur; and this time—yes, *this* time—it was she that was on her knees by my side, kissing my hands and my face; and I heard her say,

"He saved our lives!"

"That's beautiful!" cried Jack, as he came on the terrace with Carry, in mourning—came on the terrace—"that's beautiful! Be happy, both of you!" And he blessed us like a father.

Alice never left my side after. My mother, who loved me in her fond and foolish way, was dead, and I was my own sole lord and master. In a twelvemonth we were married, and I have been a happy—a grateful—I believe a better man since; and, two years after that, Jack, as the *Morning Post* used to say, led my sister to the hymeneal altar.

And here they come in: little Alice with big Alice and Jack Brady Barton, aged *three;* and I am very happy, as I clasp my wife, and, kissing her, say, "Alice, my Alice!" and—and I have nothing more to say.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

The regular election for State officers and members of Congress took place in Vermont on 5th September, and resulted in a Republican triumph. Erastus Fairbanks, the Republican candidate for Governor, is probably elected by 20,000 majority over both his competitors—a Republican gain. The Douglas candidate was John G. Saxe, the famous poet; the Breckinridge champion was Harvey.—Vice-President Breckinridge spoke on September 5 at Lexington, Kentucky, vindicating himself from the charge of being a disunionist, and assailing Senator Douglas. He was well received.—Senator Douglas has been stumping Virginia and Maryland, and appears to be gaining strength in those States; he speaks almost every day. On Friday he delivered a long speech at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and proposes to speak in most of the large cities of the State.—Senator Seward delivered a set oration on the campaign at Detroit, on 4th; the gathering to hear him was estimated at 40,000 people. On 7th he spoke again at Lansing, Michigan.—Hon. A. H. Stephens delivered a strong Douglas speech at Augusta, Georgia, on 2d.

INSURRECTION AT SING SING.

An insurrection occurred among the convicts at Sing Sing on Thursday, which resulted in the death of one person and the severe wounding of another. The leader in this movement was a desperate villain named Tom Kelly, who made an attempt to escape recently, since which he has had a ball and chain attached to one of his legs. On Thursday he managed to free himself from this impediment, and giving a signal which appears to have been preconcerted, he started toward a sloop lying at the prison dock. A desperate encounter ensued on board the sloop, between Kelly and several convicts who followed him on one side, and the prison keepers and the crew of the sloop on the other. The insurrectionists were finally secured, after having mortally stabbed the captain of the sloop and desperately wounded one of the keepers.

SHARKS AT THE NEW YORK WHARVES.

A number of large sharks have recently been observed around Fulton Market-slip, one of which was "hooked" on Thursday, and after considerable manipulation and hard tugging landed on the pier. His dimensions were: Length, 9 feet 4 inches; girth around the middle, 5 feet, lacking an inch. For the amusement of boys who are in the habit of bathing in that locality it may be added that, on opening the animal's mouth to its ordinary size, a boy one foot in diameter was easily thrust in. Soon afterward five more were caught, one of which measured fifteen feet in length.

A MODEL GARDEN AND GARDENER.

A Newport correspondent gives some gossip concerning a garden, a gardener, and a novelist: "One of the greatest curiosities I have seen for a long time is the orchard-house of the Hon. William B. Lawrence of this city. The system of culture is, I believe, rather new in this country. The house is a lean-to, 300 feet long, built in the most substantial manner. The entire house is heated by hot-water pipes, and is divided by glass partitions into sections of 30 feet each. Here one can easily fancy he is enjoying tropical life, for he has the heat of the tropics for the entire year, and their fruits, such as pine-apples, apricots, filberts, figs, bananas, together with a great abundance and variety of the fruit of more northern climes, such as strawberries, pears, peaches, cherries, etc. All these fruits are growing in pots; and what is most remarkable, the pots are simply filled with moss gathered from the woods. Some of the trees grow in *hanging baskets*, which, I believe, was original with Mr. Alfred Chamberlain, who has the care of the house. Mr. C. formerly had the care of the garden of Sir Lytton Bulwer, the novelist, who lived seven miles out of London. His account is, that 'Bulwer was accustomed to come and spend an hour or two with him in the garden, and then he would return to his study and write with all his might.' The pots and baskets are generally small, and filled with moss, and, with the trees trained in every imaginable shape, some of them laden with the choicest fruit, present a picturesque and novel appearance."

THE POLITICAL MANAGERS AT WASHINGTON.

"Occasional," of the Philadelphia *Press*, gives the following account of the various national political Committees at Washington: "Preston King, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, in his full suit of brown linen, with his long coat reaching almost to his feet, may be seen carrying his immense weight along the Avenue at stated hours, exhibiting as much activity and zeal as a young man of twenty-five. He is the vital spirit of the Republicans here, and toils night and day in the cause of Lincoln and Hamlin. Entirely confident of success, he seems to have no other object but to provide against disaster and to push on the column. Miles Taylor and the Wickliffes, father and son, have charge of the Douglas organization, and are doing a vast deal of work. The Breckinridgers, on Four-and-a-half Street, are in possession of a fine room in the second story of a spacious house, and enjoy an advantage over the others on account of being able to muster into service the different Clerks of the Departments. This organization is under the special charge of Governor I. Stevens, of Washington Territory. The Bell and Everett party are marshaled by Alexander E. Boteler, Member of Congress from the Harper's Ferry District—a gentleman of high character and deserved popularity."

TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE.

One of the most startling and ghastly catastrophes yet marking the dangers of the deep occurred on Friday night. The steamer *Lady Elgin*, in the Lake Superior line, which left Chicago on Friday night at 11½ o'clock, was run into by the schooner *Augusta*, of Waukegan, about ten miles from shore, at 2½ o'clock on Saturday morning, and sunk in twenty minutes in three hundred feet of water, having on board between three hundred and fifty and four hundred passengers, over three hundred of whom were drowned. Among the passengers were the Union Guard of Milwaukee, forming part of two hundred and fifty excursionists of that city—a terrible blow to a single place. The vessel struck the steamer at the midships gangway, on the larboard side. At the time, dancing was going on in the forward cabin. The provision of boats to save the passengers, and the guardianship generally against disaster, appear to have been of the average bad kind.

THE WINANS STEAMER AT SEA.

The Baltimore *Patriot* says: "On Saturday last, about noon, as we were quietly seated beneath an umbrella on the stern-sheets of a boat anchored near the buoy, in the Patapsco, opposite to Lacross, lazily fingering a line that we had just thrown into the water, baited with a shrimp, for the capture of some foolish stray perch, our attention was aroused by a quick and sharp puffing, similar to the Mississippi high-pressure steamboat, and, turning to see what it was, we saw coming right toward us Winans huge black, whale-looking monster, on a trial trip; but before we could prepare to get out of the way, we saw it would pass outside of us, and so we drew in our line, sat still, and had a capital opportunity to contemplate its movements. The hull has been lengthened some 125 feet, we believe, and it now makes quite a formidable appearance on the water. It floated like a duck, and obeyed the helm with the instantaneousness of the human will. As it came head on toward us several times during its trial trip up and down the river, we had a clear view of its propelling wheel. It revolved with all the majesty of a huge mill-wheel, right about the centre of the hull; and so favorably set were the floats, that it scarcely lifted the water at all on the emerging side. There was some sensible irregularity at times in the revolution of the propeller, evidently arising from the cranks passing the dead points. When they would turn her short round she slightly listed, but it was surprising to see in what a short space she would go round. On the stretch coming in her velocity was terrible, if one may so speak."

STRANGE FREAKS OF A MADMAN.

Quite a little excitement was created in New Orleans a few days ago, by the strange freaks of a lunatic. He managed to mount to the top of a two-story grocery, and began to amuse himself by pulling bricks from the chimney, breaking them with a hatchet, and then hurling them at the passers-by. After he had continued this sport for some hours a great crowd collected in the vicinity, and it became a very interesting problem to the policemen how they should remove the madman from his peril. Finally, one of the fire companies brought its engine to the spot and directed a powerful stream upon him. So surprised was he at this novel mode of attack that he lost his foot-hold, slid down the roof and came to the ground in a sitting posture. Before he had recovered from the effects of the jar he was in custody.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

The Boston papers narrate a strange incident. A young girl, of pleasing face and agreeable manners, only sixteen years of age, was, with two companions, arrested for robbery, in one of the worst parts of the town. She asked that a good lawyer might be engaged to defend her, saying that she had sufficient money for a large fee. The names of several legal gentlemen were mentioned, and among others that of an eminent criminal lawyer, who resides in another county, but has an office in Boston. She at once said she did not want him, as she knew him. This attracted the curiosity of the officer to whom she had made the request. He instituted inquiries about her, and learned that the girl was an orphan, and that the lawyer whom she did not want to see was her guardian, having charge of considerable property belonging to her in another city. She ran away a few weeks ago, and came direct to Boston. She was taken before the police court, convicted of the robbery, and sentenced to the House of Correction for six months. Subsequently, upon learning something of her history, the Court revised her sentence, and the case was continued in order that plans may be adopted with a view of rescuing her from a life of vice.

PERSONAL.

The following letter is published in the Southern papers:

"Sheriff's Office, Lexington, Ky., *Aug.* 20, 1860.

"*Messrs. Williams & Co., Jacksonville, Fla.*

"Gentlemen,—I have been requested to answer your inquiries in relation to Hon. J. C. Breckinridge's ownership of slaves. I will state that, for the past three years, he has listed no property, either personal or real estate, for taxation—as appears from our tax-books. Mr. Breckinridge and his family reside here, and board at the Phœnix Hotel, in this city. Respectfully,

"I. R. Gross, *Sheriff*."

An admirer of Hon. John Covode, of Pennsylvania, has had a cane made from wood found upon the site of Fort Duquesne, which he designs presenting to that gentleman. The handle of the cane bears a silver plate, on which is engraved a dog keeping watch over treasure. Beneath is the word "Fidelity."

The Rev. A. Bewley, Methodist Superintendent and missionary in Texas, was hung by a mob a short time since, on the charge of being an Abolitionist. The New York *Christian Advocate* says he was a devoutly pious and inoffensive man.

The humors of Savannah find expression in odd methods, as appears from the following advertisement of a boot-maker, printed in the *Republican*: "I hereby notify the parties who have been in the habit of taking shoes from the outside of store 144 Broughton Street—who, when caught in the act, wish to pass off as practical jokers—that I will henceforth prosecute such as common thieves."

Letters have been received from Mr. Yancey, stating that he will come North about the middle of this month, when he will put himself at the disposal of his political friends for service in stumping until the close of the Presidential contest.

In December, 1858, J. W. Tucker, a California jeweler, sent to the Emperor of Russia some fine specimens of gold-bearing quartz. Recently he received from the Emperor, as a token of thanks, a magnificent and massive gold ring, enriched with an oblong amethyst, surrounded by ten diamonds weighing a carat each. The gold of the ring is from the Ural Mountains. The amethyst is oblong, and of the purest color. It has been pronounced, by an expert, worth as much as any ruby of three times the size.

Martin, the Boston wherryman, arrived at Albany on the evening of the 5th in good health and spirits.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

The British Parliament was prorogued on the 28th ult. The Queen's speech was read by the Lord Chancellor. She says that her relations with foreign powers are friendly and satisfactory. She trusts there is no danger of the interruption of the general peace of Europe. She believes that if the Italians are left to settle their own difficulties, the tranquillity of other States will remain undisturbed. She hopes that, in any negotiations which may take place on the Savoy question, the neutrality and independence of Switzerland will be maintained. She laments the atrocities committed upon the Christians in Syria, and cheerfully concurs with the other Powers of Europe in assisting the Sultan of Turkey to re-establish order. She regrets the failure of the negotiations with China, and says that her forces will support the demand for a full and faithful execution of the treaty of Tien-tsin. She thanks Parliament for the appropriations for the fortifications, and congratulates the country on the efficiency of the Rifle Volunteers. She concludes by expressing the heartfelt pleasure and satisfaction she has experienced at the warm and enthusiastic reception the Prince of Wales has met with in her North American provinces.

FOREIGN RELATIONS.

In the Commons, on the 25th, Lord Palmerston said the Government had no official information relative to the landing of Garibaldi in Calabria, but had received a dispatch confirming the fact. He also said that there was no truth in the statement that Austria had threatened to support Naples. She adhered to non-intervention till her own frontiers were threatened.

On the same day he acknowledged the services rendered the Christians in Syria by Abd-el-Kader, and said the British Consul had been instructed to tender to him the thanks of the British government.

THE MARONITES THE AGGRESSORS IN SYRIA.

In Parliament, the other day, Lord Palmerston said he did not deny that the Turkish authorities in Syria (not the government) had misconducted themselves. He believed that the Maronites were the first aggressors, because large supplies of arms had been furnished to them, and the attack began by the Maronites upon some mixed villages of Druses and Maronites to expel the former; and not long ago Lord Cowley, in a conversation with M. Thouvenel, suggested that the outrages had been commenced by the Maronites, and M. Thouvenel replied that he believed so too.

RETURN VOYAGE OF THE "GREAT EASTERN."

The *Great Eastern*, on her return voyage to Milford Haven from this port, *via* Halifax, made the passage in nine days four and a half hours—the shortest time ever made by any steamer, with all the advantages of skill and improvements in machinery and shipbuilding, and this, too, with her bottom covered with barnacles, and as foul as that of any ship that ever crossed the ocean. If she were in the hands of the right people, she could make money and become the most popular ship afloat.

A NEW BRITISH ENVOY.

Mr. Lindsay, member of Parliament, has been authorized to proceed to Washington, and lay before the American government the views of the British government relative to the navigation laws, belligerent rights, etc., and to enter into negotiations for the opening of the coasting trade, etc. Mr. Lindsay sails on the 8th of September.

FRANCE.

ANOTHER PEACE SPEECH FROM THE EMPEROR.

The Emperor has made a speech at Lyons in response to addresses by the authorities. He condemned the unjust distrust excited abroad, and declared that nothing should make him deviate from the path of moderation and justice. His sole desire was the general interest of France, and he urged them to give themselves up with confidence to works of peace. He was determined, with God's assistance, that France should not degenerate under his dynasty. The pacific nature of this speech caused an advance on the Bourse. Rentes, 68f. 25c.

SUSPENSION OF THE CORN-LAWS.

An Imperial decree has been issued opening the French ports for the admission, duty free, of all kinds of foreign grain and flour, irrespective of flag. Vessels laden with breadstuffs will be exempted from tonnage dues. This is regarded as an admission of the great deficiency in the French harvest. The weather continues very wet.

THE EMPEROR ON HIS TRAVELS.

At latest dates the Emperor Napoleon and Eugénie were at Chambery, and met with an enthusiastic reception there.

A HINT FOR HAM-EATERS.

The *Academie des Sciences* of Paris has just received a communication, which has literally caused the quills upon that fretful porcupine to stand on end with horror. A *savant* of Wurtzbourg, M. Wirchow by name, announces the fearful discovery he has just made of the existence of a dreadful microscopic animal, the *truchina sparatis*, in the flesh of hogs, no matter how prepared, whether you call it pork, ham, bacon, sausage, or polony. When an individual happens to eat of this animal in abundance, he is observed to grow pale and emaciated in a few days afterward; his strength deserts him, and he dies at the end of the sixth week. A post-mortem examination shows the muscles of the body to be filled with *truchina sparatis*, which proves that death must be occasioned by muscular consumption, owing to the attacks of this horrible little monster. Moses knew well what he was about when he forbade the use of swine's flesh to his countrymen.

GERMANY.

AUSTRIA WILL NOT INTERFERE IN ITALY.

According to the Cologne *Gazette*, an Austrian note is being prepared, in which the Foreign Minister declares that the designs of the Emperor are not aggressive, but that he will defend his Italian possessions to the uttermost.

ITALY.

THE INVASION OF CALABRIA.

The advices of Garibaldi's invasion of Calabria are fully confirmed. The town of Reggio was attacked by the invaders and capitulated on 21st, the garrison being allowed to withdraw with their muskets and personal baggage only. We also hear of the capture of Fort Delpizzo and Villa San Giovanni. Four thousand Calabrians are said to have joined Garibaldi.

Garibaldi had been proclaimed Dictator at Palenza. Large numbers of Calabrians were joining him. The latest dispatches report that the Royalists have again been defeated at Calabria. It was reported at Paris on the 29th that the King of Naples had quitted there on the previous evening on board the frigate *Strombolic*, and that the Piedmontese occupied the forts. This requires confirmation. Disturbances at Naples were imminent. Appeals to the people to revolt were being publicly distributed. The Neapolitan Minister of War and General Basco had left Naples for Calabria with six battalions as reinforcements. A revolutionary movement at Salero was imminent. The Pope, it was said, had expressed his readiness to agree to the Italian Confederation.

THE POPULAR ENTHUSIASM.

A letter from Sicily contains the following: "We read last week in a Sicilian journal an advertisement inserted by a father who claimed his son. It was couched in affecting terms. The father told his child that he knew he was in Sicily, that he did not wish to prevent his remaining there, but that he desired to see him, to embrace him, and to provide him with money, and to this end he made an appointment with him in a Palermo coffee-house. The boy was thirteen years of age. The Government can not prevent the departure of expeditions. It could not succeed in so doing. At Milan, last week, I saw seven thousand Lombards and Venetians enroll themselves. Many were refused upon various pretexts. They even went so far as to exact from them the sum of 20 francs, on pretense that they must pay for their equipment—a green blouse faced with red, which is the uniform of the Lombard legion. Those who had 20 francs gave them without the least hesitation; all emptied their purses into the hands of the recruiting officer, and if the sum required was not complete they entreated, even with tears, to be taken at a lower rate. I saw these volunteers set off. Half the population accompanied them to the gates of the city with cries and *vivats*."

A PROCLAMATION TO THE LADIES OF SICILY.

The Sicilian journals publish a proclamation addressed by Garibaldi to "the ladies of Sicily," of which the following is the concluding paragraph:

"Madame Cairola, of Pavia—a very rich, greatly beloved, and most charming lady—had four sons. One of them died at Varese, on the body of an Austrian whom he had killed. The eldest, Benedetto, is now lying ill in the capital, having been wounded at Calatafimi and Palermo. The third, Enrico, had his skull cleft in the same battle; and the fourth forms part of this army, by order of his incomparable mother. Women! call also your sons and your lovers. Being few, the struggle will be long, undecided, and full of danger for all. Being many, we shall conquer by our imposing aspect. There will be no fighting. The hope of twenty generations of Italians will soon be realized, and your beloved ones will return to you with faces bronzed on the field of battle, their brows encircled with the crown of victory, and blessed by those suffering and enslaved populations who have sent their sons to ransom your country.

"Garibaldi."

GARIBALDI AS A SWORD-FISHERMAN.

A correspondent of the London *News*, writing from Messina, tells the following anecdote: "While I am writing I can see Garibaldi, who arrived here this morning, at four o'clock, walking up and down the deck of the *City of Aberdeen*, one of the Sicilian steamers lying in this harbor, following through his glass the movements of the enemy. There is an amusing story current here, which I give you, without, however, vouching for its correctness. You are, perhaps, aware that the great fishery of the *pesce-spada*, or sword-fish, affords occupation to the fishermen who live in the villages and hamlets scattered along about the coast from Messina to Faro Point, as well as on the opposite one of Calabrio. This fishery is performed in the most ingenious manner. A man ascends a long pole which rises in the centre of the boat, and when he sees the sword-fish passing through the current he makes the rowers row in that direction, and the man at the stern, who is armed with a long and sharp pike, if fortunate enough spikes the fish. Well, one day Garibaldi disappeared for two hours, and it is stated that, having disguised himself as a fisherman, he went so near to the opposite shore that from the pole he was able to reconnoitre all the fortified points of the Neapolitan coast. True or not, this story forms the subject of all conversations in the camp, and causes a great deal of merriment among the noble fellows encamped under a scorching sun on the sandy beach yonder."

ONE BRAVE NEAPOLITAN.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "Some details belonging to this Messina Convention or capitulation are not without interest. An officer arriving in a steamer from the Neapolitan government, in order to place himself at the disposition of Colonel Bosco, the commandant, found, to his surprise, the town occupied by the Garibaldians. There was nothing for it but to go to General Garibaldi himself, and ask permission to pass on his way. Garibaldi at once accorded this, at the same time making the Neapolitan the medium of certain propositions to the besieged. He was accompanied by a Garibaldian officer and a trumpeter bearing a white flag. At a certain distance from the citadel the trumpet was sounded and the white flag was waved, and the eyes of the Garibaldian officer being bandaged, he was admitted into the private room of the commandant, when the bandage was removed. 'Speak,' said Bosco. 'Garibaldi permits you and your officers to embark, but not the troops—the citadel is mined, and in twenty-four hours I will blow it up." 'No,' replied Bosco, 'I will not abandon soldiers who have fought so well. Let Garibaldi tell me the situation of his mine, and with a lighted cigar I will seat myself upon it, crying *Vive le Roi* with my last breath. All I ask is that the blood of my soldiers be spared.' The officer quitted the citadel only to return to it again with propositions more in unison with the gallant spirit of the commandant, which were again, however, in like manner refused. As the messenger was returning he saw in the offing a white sail, then another, then another, with finally a squadron of four frigates, among which one was seen—the *Fulminante*—bearing at her mast-head a flag of truce. She was conveying an envoy from the King of Naples, with propositions such as I have given in article 2 of the actual convention, which were, in fact, almost identical with those proposed by Garibaldi."

PETER'S PENCE.

Several chests, containing ingots of silver, have been received at Rome from Marseilles, being the produce of the "Peter's pence" collected in France. The amount exceeds 6,000,000 francs. This sum does not include various offerings in the shape of arms, etc., which are estimated at 4,000,000 francs.

THE PRINCIPALITIES.

THE MURDER OF PRINCE DANIELO.

The full name of the assassin of Prince Danielo is, it appears, Todor Kadich, and he is the brother-in-law of a Montenegrin priest, named Panissa. Some time ago, in consequence of dissensions with the Prince, the latter retired to Zara, and was there joined by Kadich. While at Zara this latter learned that the other's wife, who is his sister, had allowed herself to be seduced by an adherent of the Prince, and, having obtained a divorce, had remarried. Kadich then went to Constantinople, and there murdered the second husband of his sister. After that affair, Kadich went to Galatz, where he caught the small-pox, and became so dreadfully disfigured that no one could recognize him; he afterward proceeded to Cattaro, from which place he was expelled, and then took up his residence at Scutari. He afterward returned to Cattaro to commit this crime, and, as he was disguised as an Albanian, was able to approach the Prince without being suspected. The motive which prompted him to the crime appears to have been, first, the dissension between the Prince and Panissa, and next, the conduct of the Prince's adherent to the assassin's sister.

CHINA.

THE PREPARATIONS FOR WAR.

Lord Elgin and Baron Gros had gone to the Gulf of Pecheli. It was suspected they would attempt to renew futile negotiations, while every thing indicated the intention of the Chinese to fight. All quiet at Canton. The rebels continued to advance toward Shanghai.

THE BRITISH PROVINCES.

PROGRESS OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.

On 1st September the Prince laid the corner-stone of the new Parliament buildings at Ottawa (of which we gave an illustration in a recent number), held a levée, then visited the slides of the Chaudiere, embarked on a raft and went down the slide. In the evening the city was illuminated, and there was a grand torchlight procession. On 2d he attended service at Christ's Church, which was crowded with spectators. After church he took a walk; but the crowd becoming troublesome, he drove out to Mr. M'Kay's mills. On 3d, after a visit to Aylmer, he took the cars and came through with some stoppages to Brockville, where he arrived at 8 P.M. and was well received. He slept that night on board his steamer, and on the morning of the 4th left for Kingston, where he arrived at 4 P.M. Here a difficulty awaited him. The Orangemen, who are in great force at Kingston, had resolved to parade at the Prince's reception. A meeting of Roman Catholics passed a resolution requesting the mayor to stop the parade, as offensive to their feelings, and sent a copy of the resolution to the Duke of Newcastle. The Duke replied that if there were any Orange demonstrations the Prince would not land. Thereupon the city council of Kingston met, and the Orangemen met outside, to discuss the propriety of abandoning the parade; but at last by a decided vote they resolved to maintain their original design. On this the steamer *Kingston* moved out of sight, anchored, and the Prince remained on board all night. The greatest excitement prevailed in the city, and lasted all night. At 9 A.M. on Wednesday, 5th, the city council met again, but again adjourned without agreeing to modify their programme. The mayor went on board the *Kingston* and communicated the decision to the Prince, who reiterated his determination not to land. At 5 P.M., accordingly, the *Kingston* started for Belleville, where the Orangemen announced their determination of repeating the scene. He arrived at Belleville at 10 P.M.

On Thursday, 6th, the Orangemen of Belleville resolved to follow the example of their Kingston brethren, and the Prince refused to land. The Governor-General informed the Mayor that the Prince admired their city, but would not break through his rule about the Orangemen. The *Kingston* accordingly left, and arrived at Coburg, where the Orangemen attempted no demonstration. He received addresses, went to a ball, and slept there. On Friday morning he left by rail for Peterborough and Toronto.

THE PRINCE LAYS A CORNER-STONE.

At Ottawa, on 1st, at the laying of the corner-stone of the Parliament buildings, the Prince took a silver trowel, carved with the Prince of Wales' feather and an appropriate inscription, and smoothed the mortar beneath the corner-stone, which is of Canadian marble. The stone was then lowered in its place, and the Prince tapped it three times with a Masonic mallet. The ordinary ceremonies of laying a corner-stone then took place.

Beneath the stone were placed coins of the realm. Rev. Dr. Adams, chaplain of Parliament, offered up a prayer.

The crowd maintained no order during the ceremony, shouting "Down in front!" "We want to see him!" "Give way!" etc.

The Prince, who had been standing in the sun all this time, declared the stone laid, and stepped back to the pavilion, where the contractors, architects, builders, and masons of the building were presented to him. He then inspected a model of the building, and walked around the grounds, followed by a crowd; but, leaving the royal carriage, he slipped out of the back way to hold a levée at twelve o'clock. The people gathered around the carriage and declared him mean to serve them so.

In the rush out of the pavilion after him the Queen's portrait was thrown down and much defaced.

HE PUTS A SOVEREIGN IN THE PLATE.

On Sunday, 2d, he went to Christ Church, which was crowded with people, though they hardly knew him in plain clothes, thinking, no doubt, that he lives and sleeps in uniform. Each of the suite put a sovereign on the plate. The old sexton nearly died for joy, and the trustees talk of erecting a new church from the proceeds. So much money was never seen in Ottawa before.

HOW HE TAKES HIS MEALS.

At Ottawa, on 1st, says the *Herald* correspondent, the Prince took dinner with a party of forty. Sanderson, the caterer, had great difficulty in getting provisions enough, and the Prince, being told that it would take half an hour to get dinner ready, said that an American could get it up in a quarter of an hour if he pleased. I believe the Prince always breakfasts with a small party of fourteen of the principal members of the suite.

HE BURSTS INTO TEARS.

When he found he couldn't land at Kingston, says the *Herald* correspondent, he took every opportunity to bow to his future subjects, who went out in excursion boats, and afforded them every opportunity to see him by sitting on deck all day, resting his head wearily upon his hand, occasionally rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief, and appearing greatly discomposed! When the school children, in a large boat, sang for him last evening, he repeatedly waved his handkerchief, and at last burst into tears. These evidences of the Prince's feelings are not lost on the people, who believe him to be constrained by the Duke and Governor-General in his refusal to land.

HE SHAKES HANDS WITH EVERY BODY.

At Peterborough the Prince was received by a procession, which escorted him to the Court-house, where the city and county addresses were presented to him. The Prince read replies. One man, running by the side of the Prince's carriage, held out his hand to his Royal Highness, who shook it heartily. Elated by his good fortune, the man told his companions, who rushed forward, claiming a similar honor; and for some minutes the Prince was busily engaged shaking hands; but he soon turned away, and the demonstration ceased.

WHAT HIS FURNITURE SELLS FOR.

The furniture used by the Prince of Wales and suite at St. John, New Brunswick, has been sold by auction. The Prince's bedstead brought £31 10s.; the Duke of Newcastle's bedstead, £13 5s.; reception chair, on which the Prince sat to receive company, 66s. 3d.; dressing-table, with glass and marble top, £16.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE WON'T ACKNOWLEDGE MASONS.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "A deputation of a Masonic Society of the State of New York were on to Ottawa to take part in the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone, but to the astonishment of all no Masons were present. It appears that the Duke of Newcastle and the Hon. John Rose refused the Masons the privilege of laying the stone, after the Prince, with their peculiar ceremonies. The consequence was that the Masons unanimously refused to have any thing to do with the affair."

OR ORANGEMEN EITHER.

The *Herald* correspondent says: "I have been shown the copies of the letters of the Duke of Newcastle and the Governor-General, which are in possession of the leader of the Orangemen. The Duke's letter is addressed to the Governor-General. He says:

"'I have been advised that in several towns the Orange Society intend erecting arches and decorating them with the insignia of their Order. I have also been informed that the Orangemen intend appearing in procession with their full regalia. It is very evident that any such display is likely to lead to religious feuds and breaches of the peace, and I can not consent that the Prince shall be mixed up with any such scenes, so foreign to the intention of his visit to Canada. I wish you would inform the parties concerned of my feeling in regard to this matter, and try to persuade them to alter their intention; and that there may be no mistake, I add, I shall advise the Prince to pass through no streets where such arches are erected, and if the demonstrations are persevered in, to avoid landing in such towns altogether.'

"A postscript adds:

"'I have also been informed, though not with so much certainty, that the Orangemen intend to parade at Kingston. Of course my remarks apply equally to that city.'"

THE DUKE WON'T BE BULLIED.

At Belleville the Grand Master of the Orangemen had an interview with the Duke of Newcastle, and told him that the Orangemen were truly loyal, and endeavored to persuade him to land. The Duke's only reply was that he could not be bullied, and the spirit thus evinced already begins to have its effects.

ATTITUDE OF THE ORANGEMEN.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "During the morning of the 4th the Orangemen gathered in the streets to the number of three thousand, many coming from other places. They are a set of fierce-looking country fellows, some dressed with regalia, and some in red, blue, and white gowns, while others wear drawn swords, and carry banners with mottoes of loyal words, followed by the words 'No Surrender—we support the Protestant religion.'"

He adds: "No words can convey an idea of the feeling here. There are one hundred thousand Orangemen in this part of Canada, and the excitement catches like fire. Many of the Americans here side with the Orangemen. Fortunately for the peace of the community, the Roman Catholics are very few in number, and keep quiet, allowing the Duke of Newcastle to fight their battles for them. The ministers of the various Protestant churches held a council to decide upon their course, and unanimously refused to present any addresses except on shore. They were loudly cheered. Old men walked along the Orange ranks calling out, 'God bless you!'—'Stand firm!' The Grand Marshal, Robinson, rode like mad along a line of about three thousand rebels—for so they are now called—reading the following dispatch from the Grand Master, Cameron, at Toronto: 'Every thing depends on Kingston, Orangemen. Let your motto be "No surrender!" We will follow him wherever he goes! He can not enter Toronto except under the colors.' This was greeted by cries—'No surrender!' 'Let him go home!' 'Perhaps they will take him to the United States!' The American flag is more freely displayed than even last night, and people are shouting and yelling at every mention of Orange mottoes.

THEY ENVY THE UNITED STATES.

"Many comments were made during the serenade last night of not a particularly complimentary character. On the playing of 'Yankee Doodle,' and cheers for the President of the United States, some one called out, 'The Orangemen can walk in the States, anyhow, in spite of all the Princes in the world.'

CONSEQUENCES OF THE ROW.

"Alderman Campbell, of Kingston, said, at the Council meeting, if the Prince did not land there, there were only one or two places where he could land in Canada. Nothing would do them so much injury. Emigration would be stopped, and confidence in the loyalty of Canadians would be shaken.

"The people said that if he did not land there he would be burned in effigy, and could not land any where in Western Canada without being hissed, and that the sooner he goes home the better."

THE RECEPTION AT TORONTO.

A telegram to the *Herald* dated Toronto, September 7, says: "The Prince arrived at this flourishing American-like metropolis of Upper Canada at half-past six o'clock. Orangemen had been parading the streets in regalia all day, but when the Prince was signaled they passed beneath their arch, doffed their robes, and reappeared as private citizens. The only mark on the arch which could be construed into a party sign was the portrait of the Prince of Wales in the posture of King William when crossing the Boyne. This compromise had hardly been satisfactory to either party, since both claim the victory.

"The reception only needed the ships of war to equal in magnificence that at St. Johns, Newfoundland, or at Halifax. Fifteen thousand persons were present, and a thousand children sang the national anthem. The corporation presented their address, and the Prince, after reading his reply, reviewed the immense procession, which defiled before him in almost endless succession, and then took a carriage and followed it through the streets for miles."

MEXICO.

MIRAMON BEATEN AGAIN.

A battle between the forces under Miramon and Degollado was fought at Lagos on the 10th ult. The battle lasted five days, and resulted in the disastrous defeat of Miramon's force. Miramon was badly wounded, but managed to effect his escape with but a few of his cavalry. All his artillery and what remained of his army were made prisoners. General Pacheco was killed, and General Mejia was taken prisoner.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

WALKER IN A TIGHT PLACE.

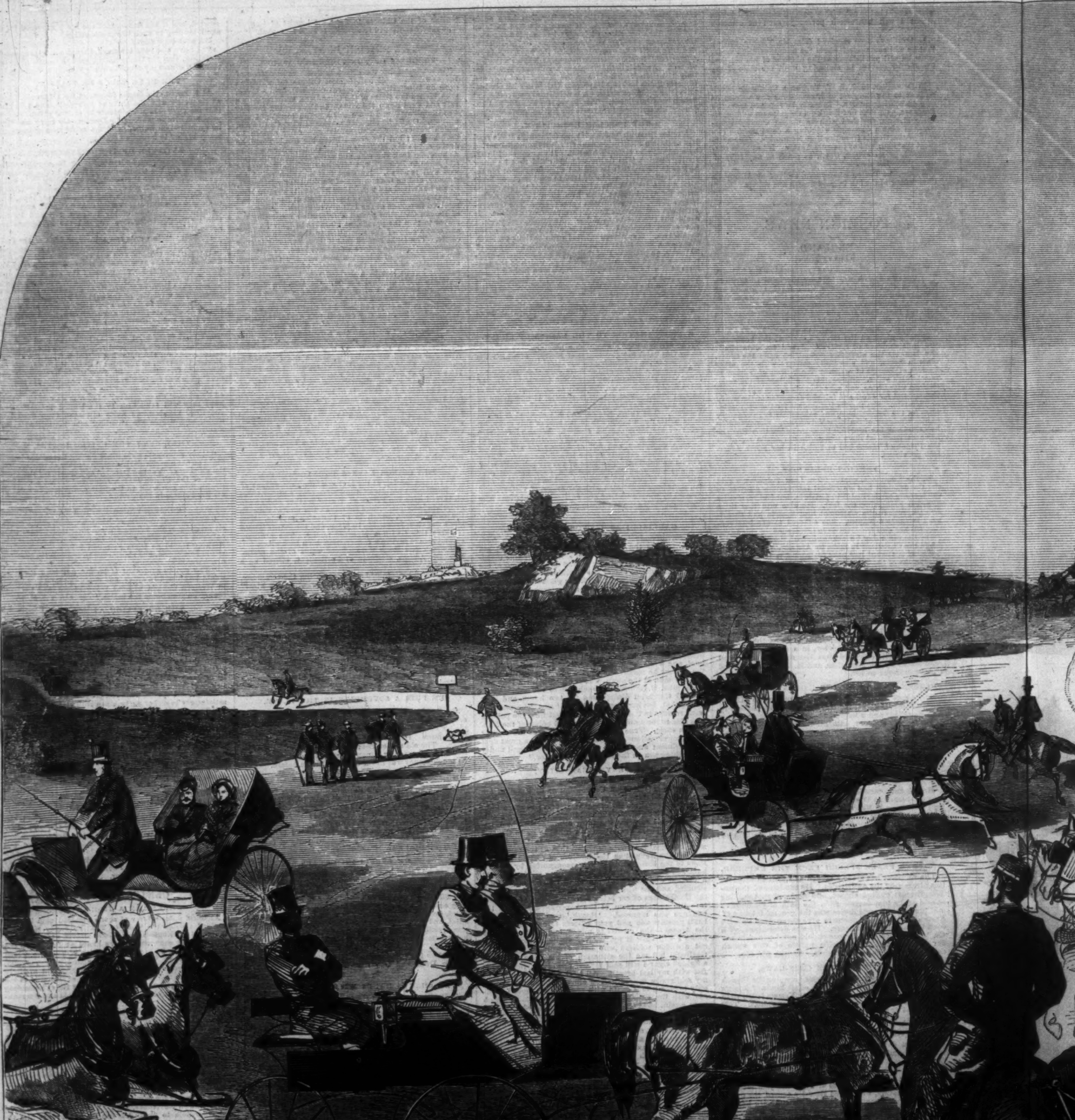
At latest dates a force of seven hundred men had assembled outside the walls of Truxillo ready to attack Walker. An English man-of-war arrived at Truxillo on 19th. Heavy cannonading was heard at Rustan on the morning of the 24th, in the direction of Truxillo, which lasted till noon. The man-of-war stated, on her arrival, that her object was to protect the citizens and property of Honduras, and restore the revenue of Truxillo to the rightful authorities. It is believed that the cannonading was from the combined attack of Guardiola and the man-of-war.

WHAT WALKER WANTS.

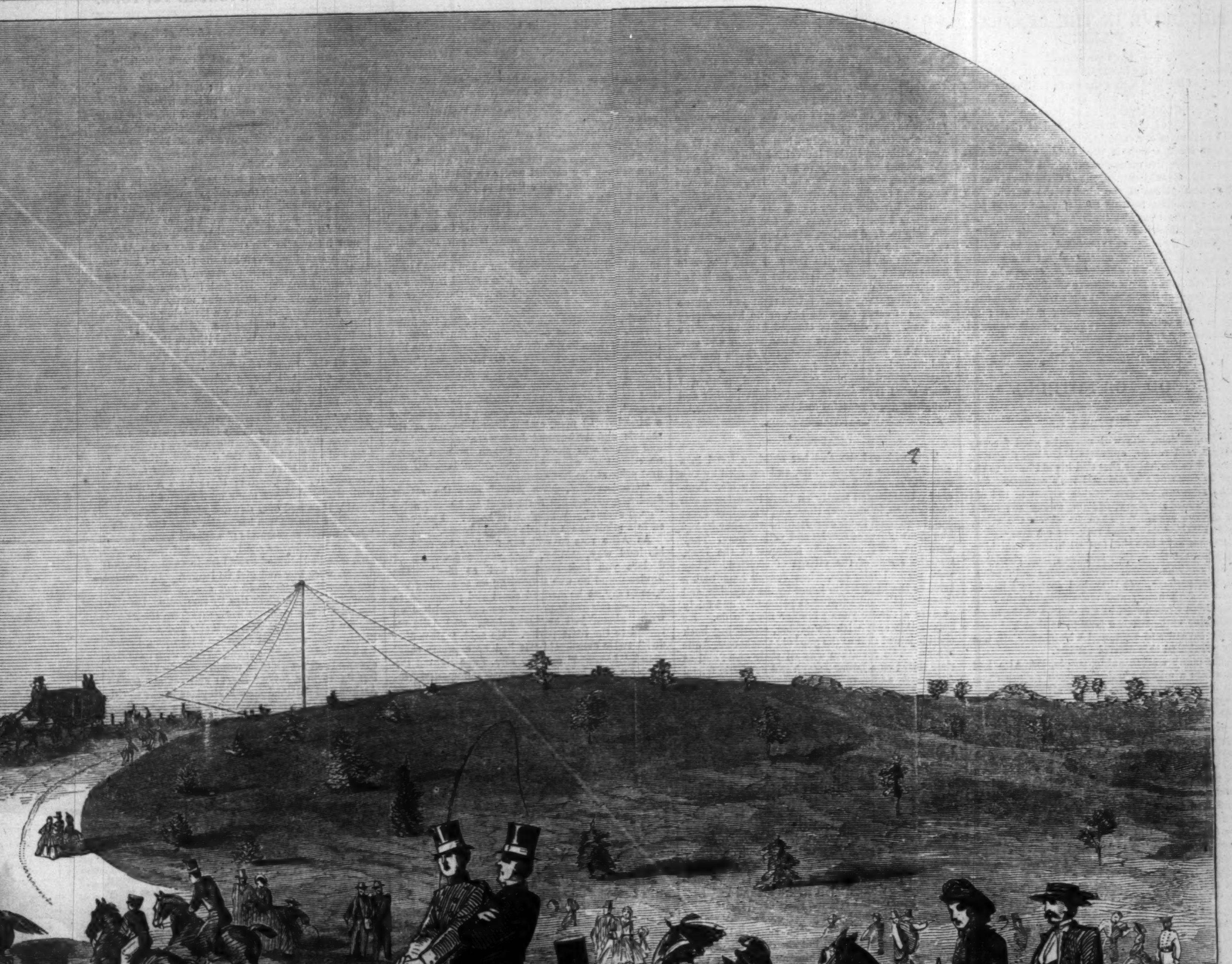
The following is Walker's proclamation to the people of Honduras:

"More than five years ago, I, with others, was invited to the Republic of Nicaragua, and was promised certain rights and privileges on the condition of certain services rendered the State. We performed the service required of us, but the existing authorities of Honduras joined a combination to drive us from Central America. In the course of events the people of the Bay Islands find themselves in nearly the same position the Americans held in Nicaragua in November, 1855. The same policy which led Guardiola to make war on us will induce him to drive the people of the islands from Honduras. A knowledge of this fact has led certain residents of the islands to call on the adopted citizens of Nicaragua to aid in the maintenance of their rights of person and property; but no sooner had a few adopted citizens of Nicaragua answered this call of the residents of the islands by repairing to Ruatan, than the acting authorities of Honduras, alarmed for their safety, put obstacles in the way of carrying out the treaty of the 28th November, 1859. Guardiola delays to receive the islands because of the presence of a few men he has injured; and thus, for party purposes, not only defeats the territorial interests of Honduras, but thwarts, for the moment, a cardinal object of Central American policy. The people of the Bay Islands can be ingrafted on your Republic only by wise concessions properly made. The existing authorities of Honduras have, by their past acts, given proof that they would not make the requisite concessions. The same policy which Guardiola pursued toward the naturalized Nicaraguans prevents him from pursuing the only course by which Honduras can expect to hold the islands. It becomes, therefore, a common object with the naturalized Nicaraguans, and with the people of the Bay Islands, to place in the Government of Honduras those who will yield the rights lawfully required in the two States. Thus the Nicaraguans will secure a return to their adopted country, and the Bay Islanders will obtain full guaranties from the sovereignty under which they are to be placed by the treaty of the 28th November, 1859. To obtain, however, the object at which we aim, we do not make war against the people of Honduras, but only against a Government which stands in the way of the interests not only of Honduras, but of all Central America. The people of Honduras may, therefore, rely on all the protection they may require for their rights, both of person and property.

Wm. Walker."



THE DRIVE IN THE CENTRAL PARK,



K, NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER, 1860.

THE DRIVE IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

WE publish on the two preceding pages a fine picture of the drive in our Central Park, which will be one of the first sights shown to the Prince when he comes here. It will, even in its unfinished state, give him a good idea of what we are doing in the way of civic comforts, and of the wealth and luxury of our citizens.

Our Park, which is progressing very satisfactorily under the management of the Commissioners, will undoubtedly be, one of these days, one of the finest places of the kind in the world. We hear from time to time cavils at the course pursued by the Commissioners and engineers; but these can almost always be traced to disappointed applicants for office, or to personal spite and malignity. Public opinion on the subject is decidedly favorable to what has been done. Those who saw the Park before the engineers went to work on it are amazed at the beautiful sites which have been contrived with such unpromising materials; all fair persons believe that the enterprise is managed with honesty and good taste.

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

CHAPTER I.

"No, Ma'am, she will never be good for any thing," said rough, ungentle Dr. Aloe, fingering the knot in the halter that tied his old horse to the post in front of the widow Lane's cottage. And as he adjusted his comfortable person in the old chaise, added: "Sorry, Ma'am, to say so; but I am always candid." Then he shook the reins, nodded "Good-day," and took himself away.

Ah, not only himself, but with that vanishing old gig went hopes that had been long cherished by the anxious mother—went dreams and fancies, baseless, perhaps, yet they had sustained her in many a dark hour; and more tangible than all these there went away, in the depths of the black bombazine vest-pocket, a gold piece that had been hardly earned and kept, and which, after all, had only purchased this doleful verdict.

Like many well-meaning people, Dr. Aloe had fallen into a mistake quite common among those who consider candor the first of all virtues—that of speaking unwelcome truths in the most unwelcome way; never softening or toning down an expression if it conveyed his meaning clearly. It may be perfectly true, for instance, that we all grow old; but the officious friend who salutes us with such an announcement is not one we always care to meet, nor does it do any possible good to address a despairing invalid with a remark on his pallid face and rayless eye. Dr. Aloe congratulated himself immensely in having cast off all hope from the pitiful mother whom he left a few moments since. "No nonsense about me," he muttered to himself, as he drove away.

Quite true, Dr. Aloe; but suppose there *had* been a little nonsense—just enough to make you say, "I fear, Ma'am, that little Allie will never be well, but she may be a great deal better at times"—wouldn't that ogre, Duty, have been satisfied as well, while the pang was softened to those poor hearts?

It was no wonder that Mrs. Lane felt sick at heart as she leaned over the little white gate, and the hot tears splashed down on the ball and chain that closed it; for she remembered how, long ago, Allie had there swung to and fro, laughing with childish glee meanwhile. Then came the recollection of that dreadful time when her father, with unsteady hand and muddled brain, had tossed her up in play, and let her slip on the stones below, from whence she was taken up insensible and almost lifeless with an injury to the spine. Then the long dreary convalescence; the nights of gloom and days of pain; the helplessness of limbs and weariness of spirit that followed—dark days, lightened only by one blessing, for out of that great sorrow came one joy.

By his child's bedside, with her hand clasped in his, that erring father turned to Heaven, and asking help where alone it could be found, he registered a solemn vow. For the short three years that completed his earthly course Joseph Lane was a new man; no fumes in his brain, no taint on his breath, no stammering on his tongue. His companions looked and wondered, but he heeded them not; and when he saw the face of wife and child light up with joy at his return, he felt that "old things had indeed passed away." When Allie would nestle in his arms and pat his cheek in her loving way, full many a time the strong man brushed away a tear, partly of bitter remorse for the childish frame he had wrecked, and partly of thankfulness that God had not taken her from him until he could prove himself a tender father. Was Allie good for nothing then?

And when at last he was called away to travel down the dark valley, whose childlike hope sustained and comforted him—whose voice sung the songs of those redeemed and ransomed by the blood of the Lamb, or read the promises so fadeless and true? Who was it, who, laying her cheek beside his, silenced his bitter self-reproaches with her childish wisdom as she read, "It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonor, it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness, it is raised in power"—adding softly her own comment: "You know, father, I will not be weak or crooked then. I shall have a glorious body." Was Allie good for nothing then? And when the dark days of his death came, who supported her sad mother through those times of trial but this brave, true spirit in its weak and ailing frame?

Such were the memories that came over her as Mrs. Lane stood crying, just when the harsh words of the Doctor had reached her ear; and after the first grief she grew indignant at his "brusquerie," and repeated, bitterly, "Good for nothing! what does he know what our Allie has been or will be to us?"

Mrs. Lane, ever unselfish in her grief, dried her eyes and turned to go in, for she feared that the Doctor's words had penetrated to the room where the child sat watching the sunset from the window. In truth Allie had heard them, and such big tears kept coming in her eyes that the sunshine made rainbows therein, and she could only see the outline of the western hills dimly when she brushed them away with her little blue-veined hand. Though she prayed most truly to be resigned to her lot there were bitter moments in her life, and this was one when rebellious thoughts came quick and fast. Putting her face in her hands she moaned, "Oh, why was I born! never to be good for any thing? No help to dear mother, when she is so tired and so poor—no playmate for brother Josey, when he is lonely: oh, how will I live? I wish I were in heaven with father!" But even while she looked at the western sky there shone out calm and still the evening star, as peacefully bright as though no sorrows of earth were abiding, or no hearts sorry and sad. Its calmness cheered her, and by the time her mother came in she had fought and conquered her captious questioning of God's decrees, and, humble and subdued, she laid her hand on her mother's arm, saying, "Never mind, mother, I don't mind it;" and in the twilight mother and daughter grew peaceful and trustful once more.

CHAPTER II.

THE widow Lane and her children lived in a small cottage painted white, and guarded by two splendid maples that were her special pride. Passers-by commented loudly on their luxuriance and beauty even, in summer time, and when Jack Frost had tinted them in his own dashing way they looked like great blazes of scarlet and yellow hues. They were the most noticeable features in the long, straight street of the village of Meriton. They were planted long ago, when Joseph Lane took a bride to the little white house by the way-side, and commenced house-keeping as pleasantly and fairly as ever a thrifty young lawyer need to do. He owned this spot with its garden, stretching back until it joined that of the good old Quakeress, Anne Moore. The furniture was all their own; and as time rolled on a junior Joseph and our little friend Allie were added to their possessions—to say nothing of the maples that throve so well.

It would be an old story to tell how the glass of wine that at first but quickened brain and tongue for some effort of forensic display, became at last the inexorable habit; how the clear brain refused to act clogged with its poison; how friends now and then spoke a word of caution to hold him back in his mad career, but all to no purpose, until the hour when the suffering child had led him, with her weak hand, through God's grace, to the safe high ground of total abstinence. Ah, those were happy years after that, even despite their sorrow; and Mrs. Lane recalled their peace and quietness long after he sickened and died in one short week, leaving her with two children and but meagre support. For a while friends rallied around her, but now they somewhat relaxed their efforts, and they were struggling with real poverty. Josey—bright, merry, quick-witted Josey—would have helped her, by doing errands for her, but she could hardly resign her hopes of giving him an education that would fit him for a profession, and sent him to the best school the village afforded. This exhausted her slender means, and the time had now come when he must give up books and study for something that would procure bread and butter, and clothing better befitting a big boy than the home-made garments that she could make for him.

This it was that made Allie and her mother so sad and still as they sat sewing. In the chair beside them lay the Meriton *Eagle*, and a long advertisement set forth in glowing terms the prospectus of the "Meriton Academy" for the ensuing term. Increased facilities for students, with no increase in the terms; superior teachers in every department. These were the advantages it promised, and with a weary sigh the widow had laid down the paper and resumed the sewing that promised a few shillings to add to their stock, already so scanty for winter expenses. Allie's busy fingers were flying fast, for in these days she had grown strong enough to help in such light tasks. She looked weary and sad though, as she said, "Oh, mother, can't we do something to earn a little more money, so Josey won't have to stop going to school? Oh, if I were only strong!" And here her lip quivered.

Just then in came Josey, cheeks red and eyes bright; for he had been diverting himself between the intervals of wood-chopping with a frolic with a little chap about his own age.

"Oh, mother, they are going to have the greatest times at the 'Cademy this winter! Jack Denton is going to be in my class too. Just think of it! Oh, won't it be fun? Jack read all about it in the paper; and won't I study and be as great a lawyer as father one of those days, and— Why, mother, what's the matter, ain't you glad?" And the boy sprung to her, and putting both little hard red hands around her neck, he looked in her face, begging her to tell him what her trouble was. And when, half heart-broken, she had made him understand their poverty and inability to meet the expenses of the school, his boyish heart did quail for a moment at this first encounter with trials.

He had studied so hard the last term to win a high place—had tried so long for his position—it was a weary disappointment for him to lose it now. He opened and shut his jack-knife twenty times from pure nervousness before he could speak; but at last the brave, good boy conquered his selfish wishes, and tried to make them believe he did not grieve so much.

"Never mind, mother, never mind; I'll study at home, and you and Allie shall help. Allie knows more than any body else—Jack Denton's big brother says so, and he is an older boy than I am."

"Did Arthur say so?" said Allie, looking up from her work for a moment.

"Yes, he did; and he says that you could teach any body just as well as their new teachers."

Allie said no more, but her needle flew faster and faster on the shirt-sleeve, and the color came in her face as she pondered some new thought in her mind. Josey buttoned up his threadbare coat, trying to whistle manfully (he broke down very soon), and said:

"Well, mother, I'll get the kindling-wood all ready for morning, and then I'll get the milk;" and he was gone out, taking as heavy a heart with him as ever boy carried under an old blue jacket, but firm in his resolve "not to let mother know how bad he felt."

While he was absent, and while Mrs. Lane was attending to some household work in the back kitchen, Allie sewed on until it grew too dark. She had just laid aside her work, and was thinking intently of her half-formed plan when a loud knock at the door startled her. She opened it directly, and was almost frightened to find the visitor no other than Squire Denton—the richest man in the village, the owner of the biggest house, the finest horses, and jolliest person within ten miles. A self-made man, he was fond of boasting that he had nothing to begin upon "but his ten fingers;" and, by-the-way, the said ten fingers were big enough to fight their own way any where. He boasted, too, that he had done all this "without any edication at all." In spite of his loud, boastful tones he was a kind-hearted man, and a liberal patron of the schools, and Arthur and Jack were good scholars, and no one was more proud than the man "with no edication" when Arthur Denton took off the first prize at the last examination.

"Good-evenin', Miss Allie," said the robust Squire, grasping her little hand in his big fist—"good-evenin'. Where's Miss Lane? I jest called in a minit about a little school bisness."

As Allie rose to call her mother, he said, in his loud way, "Why, how you've growed! I declare you look most as well as if—" The Squire found he was stumbling on something unwise to say, so he stopped short and pretended to cough—a miserable pretense enough—finished up with "ahem" just as "Miss Lane" and Allie returned to the little parlor. He said, "How d'ye do?" twice over—said "it had been pretty cool"—and "hemmed" again. Mrs. Lane lighted the lamp on the shelf, and he seemed immensely relieved to perceive by its light the Meriton *Eagle* lying on the chair.

"Ah!" said he, taking it up, "this puts me in mind. I s'pose you've read this 'bout the school. Well, we trustees thought we had it all fixed, and the teacher in the fust department has give out, and we don't rightly know what to do. There's a class of little fellers that are to have only three hours' school a day, and it's them that's left without a teacher. Now my Arthur put it into my head that your Allie could jest as well take the place as not. She hasn't been to school, I know, but she's always studyin', they say, and if she is strong enough to go I think it will do her no harm. The 'Cademy is only a step from here, you know."

Mrs. Lane spoke not a word, but watched the girl's face, and saw in her sparkling eyes how she would answer. Gratefully and earnestly she thanked the old trustee for his kindness. The amount paid would be a little more than Jack's tuition would cost. This motive was enough, and it was settled then and there that Allie Lane, in spite of her fifteen years and remaining weakness, should take the place offered. The Squire took his leave soon after, leaving grateful hearts beside the hearthstone. To Allie it was the realization of her dream, and though angels don't come in blue coats and brass buttons, nor speak bad English, he seemed little less, to come in this dark time with such hopes of usefulness to others. She felt fully equal to it now both in mind and body. She had been longing for something to do, to feel that she was more than a floating leaf on life's current. Her health was better, and the curvature of the spine much lessened since the rapid growth of the past two years. To say that she did not dread the careless comments of strangers would be to pronounce her far more strong-minded than she was; but she felt no wavering in her purpose.

Wasn't that a bright tea-table in the white cottage behind the maples that night? With its snowy cloth and home-made bread, thin cakes, and frizzled beef; with the luxuries somewhat rare in those days to Mrs. Lane—"good old Hyson" and "lump sugar;" with the tea-kettle singing and the wood fire crackling; with the happy faces around it, Josey's merry laugh and bright smile as he drank his tea "to the health of the best sister and the smartest teacher in the county;" Allie's pleasant retort, as she toasted "Mr. Joseph Lane, Senator from said county," while the happy mother looked on with a glad smile. Ah, that was a happy time! It was a holiday meal, and they had holiday hearts to welcome it; so the hours sped on until the little clock ticked "nine," and reminded them that time was going. Whether it was the unwonted daintiness of the supper I can not tell, but something made them dream all night. Josey encountered several big giants, who were about to attack Allie, and demolished them entirely with his wood-axe, and laid them out wrapped in Meriton *Eagles*, the prospectus uppermost. Allie was following a blue coat with brass buttons up and down hill, trying to catch up, but, just as she came near it, resolved itself into ten huge fingers, which, dream-like, soon turned to ten little impish children, that beat and pinched her until she woke and found herself with a slight headache, the result of the excitement of the previous day.

CHAPTER III.

THE time of Allie's installation came round before she could realize it all. Josey carried her books as well as his own as they marched off toward the Academy. Allie's heart beat fast as she entered the room No. 1, where the restless atoms of humanity, yclept boys, were ranged in a row. They were undoubtedly a little afraid of her; but in truth she was much more afraid of them. She heard their whispered comments as she removed her shawl and bonnet, and shrank painfully as she saw them point to her stooping figure. True, she had nearly outgrown it; but the little elves, feeling that instinctive hatred to teachers common to their years, soon espied it, and made up their minds then and there to be unsparing in their remarks if she should prove "hateful" in any degree. Kindness and firmness overcome them at last; and, on the whole, when the first season was over, she felt that she had been happier in spirit and better in health than she ever was before; and so two years rolled on, checkered with lights and shades as human lives are wont to be.

But all unconsciously to herself there had come a new interest in life since the day when Arthur Denton had first given her the shelter of his umbrella as she prepared to return from school one showery afternoon. His path homeward was just by their door, and there was many a loitering walk homeward, and many a lingering good-by in the shade of the maple-trees. Allie had been so secluded from young people hitherto that a friendship with and for a fresh strong spirit like Arthur's had all the charms of novelty. He had read so much, could tell her so many things that were strange and wonderful in science or art, liked the same books that she loved, and mingled with it all a chivalrous devotion to her. There were flowers, such as grew in his father's garden, found lying on the sill of the cottage window; there were books she liked left on the door-step; there were copies of the latest and sweetest poems found in the folds of her parasol; there were a thousand such trifles, that yet made up a sum of happiness greater than had ever dawned upon her before.

Arthur Denton was her senior some two years—"just nineteen years old;" and the widow began to grow troubled as she realized that the boy and girl, who had walked to and fro in such a pleasant dream, were boy and girl no longer. It troubled her greatly. She could not snatch the pleasant draught from the girl's lips by reminding her that her misfortune must set her apart from the gift of human love, except in a mother's and a brother's heart. She could not even help beguiling herself with the belief that the beautiful face, with its starry eyes and soft brown hair, would atone for the drooping figure in a loving heart: and yet she feared. Arthur was destined for a high place in the world; in a few short weeks he would leave for college, and she trembled as she thought of the blank that was coming in Allie's life.

CHAPTER IV.

"GOOD-BY, Allie."

"Good-by, Arthur."

Such farewell words must be spoken in this world of changes. Alas that though we look forward to them as mile-stones on our journey, perchance they may seem but tomb-stones when we look back!

Allie stood leaning over the gate, and watched the rumbling, rattling stage, that grew less noisy and less distinct in the increasing distance, until a turn in the road hid it from her sight. Then, for the first time, the little teacher realized what had passed away out of her daily life: realized that the kind protection of his presence would be hers no longer—that the walks home from school would seem tedious and long—that no spray of flowers or dainty fruit would be laid on her casement—that all these things were of the past. She dared not ask her heart what this interest betokened: she dared not indulge a maiden's dream of love. When such a thought came to her unbidden she walked to the little mirror that hung in her bedroom, and brushing aside the rich brown curls that clustered around her shoulders, hiding their outline, saluted her image thus: "Allie Lane, see there; 'you will never be good for any thing,' never; 'don't dream, don't listen to any other thought.' Dr. Aloe said so, and it is true." It was a stern discipline and bitter, but she was no coward. Her saddened life had made her old at seventeen, and resolutely she shut out the bright hope of Arthur's love; but as resolutely clung to his friendship, for she could be sure of that. She knew he liked her society better than any other, and she resolved never to misinterpret it.

And so these years had gone by forever—years so bright that they were never forgotten amidst the cares and daily vexations of her lot. Josey was advancing rapidly in his studies; and if the teacher in room No. 1 sometimes flagged and grew weary, it only needed his bright smile and grateful words, "that she was just the dearest little sister in the world," and that "he was going to take care of her one of these days," to reassure her.

Spring time came at last, and but a short time before Arthur's return for the summer vacation Squire Denton presented himself one morning at her school-room door, holding by the hand little Nick, his youngest born, and the veriest imp in all Christendom. He was seven years old, round, fat, with a saucy turn-up nose and the blackest eyes imaginable. His father introduced him, and added,

"I'm 'fraid you'll find him a little sp'iled. You see he's got no mother to look after him, and old Betts don't manage him very well. Mebbe you can do something with him, you seem to git along with every body. Good-by, Nick. Be a good boy, and don't be sassy to Miss Allie."

So saying the Squire left the youngest scion of his house in her care, much to her distress, for his reputation would have justified any one in prefixing "Old" to his cognomen of Nick. He cut holes in the carpet and played horse with the sofa-cushions, performed on the piano with both feet, and lit terrible bonfires in the grates. He burned holes with matches in the mosquito-bar over the best bed, and rubbed his father's boots with stove-polish. Old Betts once found him laughing like mad around a tub full of water, trying to drown a little chicken, which of course was fluttering and gasping for its life. He put the Maltese kitten in the pounding barrel, because, he said, "the dirty kitty must go in the wash;" and he made faces at the washer-woman's baby until it almost went into fits.

Such was the unenviable notability of Nick Denton. It was small wonder that his father thought it was time to do something desperate. He was one of those clear-headed business men, who can by no means comprehend a child's nature —to whom they are only queer, incomprehensible little things. He would whip Nick heartily sometimes, and laugh at him at others; old Betts the housekeeper threatened him with "nagurs" and goblins, and consoled him with jam and cake. It was not strange that poor motherless Nick run riot, like a wild vine with no kind hand to prop it up or keep it from the poisonous weeds. This was to be Allie's task, and a hard one it proved.

Little Nick seemed quite peaceable the first month, but the second Allie's troubles began. He had put chewing gum in Willie Mine's cap at recess, and there was the tow head stuck fast in it, the scholars laughing like mad as the little fellow grew red in the face and twisted and turned in his efforts to get it off. A pair of scissors and a sacrifice of an inch of Willie's hair remedied this mishap; but it was only a prelude to others. At last he became so unruly that she was obliged to punish him. A light tap of the ruler was her extreme infliction; but as she called him up, he twisted it out of her hands and held it triumphantly behind him, walking backward with it toward the door.

She fixed her soft gray eyes on him and said, quietly:

"Nick, give me that ruler; you must mind me, or I shall be obliged to expel you."

His eyes never wavered, and as she took a step nearer him he threw the ruler at her, just grazing her temple, shouting:

"I won't, I won't mind any body, and I don't care for you, old Miss Crooked; *you* ain't good for any thing any way. Arthur said so—there!" and the little imp was gone, banging the door and whooping down the street.

There was a profound silence for a moment as the pale teacher sat cowering down behind her desk, her fragile hands over her eyes, her frame shaking with her sobs, and a tear now and then trickled down on the copy-book before her, strangely enough blotting out the word "friends" from its pages. The little scholars, half-frightened and wholly sympathizing, whispered together, softly—and Tom Bates carried a great big apple that he had been hoarding for recess time, and set it up, directly in front of her on the desk, while Robbie True brought her a cup of water to bathe her bruised temple. These were little attentions, but they were very grateful nevertheless; and she wiped her eyes and smiled pleasantly on her little scholars, and after a while the routine went on the same as ever.

Nick did not come back. The Squire called to say "that he b'leeved Nick might as well stay home a little longer;" and from the stiffness in his manner, she feared that the little rascal had misrepresented her. But ah! what was this to the wound that rankled yet, inflicted by a child's careless hand? "Arthur said so!" The words rung in her ears day and night. She recalled the adage, that "Children and fools always speak the truth," and believed it true. It was a great sorrow to come to her, and yet she reflected that it was better to be awakened early—far better than that the idle dream should go on; and bravely and resolutely she went on her way, and lived the life of duty and care. Every one said that the teacher was growing thinner and paler; but she only smiled, and said that she was very well. Her mother and Josey knew nothing of her last trial—she did not wish them to.

At last Arthur came back, taller, handsomer, and more friendly than ever; but Allie met him coldly, or avoided him entirely. He was at first puzzled, then piqued, and tried to find another friend to be what she had been, but what she would be no longer. She could not explain to him the shadow that had come over her lest it might imply a wish to hear him speak in her favor; she could not complain to him of his little brother; and, more than all, she dared not risk the renewal of the pleasant old intercourse. She tried to fancy him with a fair, graceful wife beside him, but the image was always blurred with her tears. No, no, she could not, she dared not; and thus it came to pass that Arthur came and went, and she never saw him except at a distance—the estrangement was complete.

It was one dark day in the October vacation that Allie was startled from her afternoon reverie by the voice of Squire Denton, who had come to ask her services. Nick—poor, wicked, vexatious little Nick—was very, very ill, and the father's voice trembled as he said:

"I thought mebbe you would come up a little while and read a bit. He is so kind o' fretty, and he says you can read better than I can. I ain't much of a reader."

It did not take her long to put on bonnet and shawl, to tell her mother where she had gone, and walk beside the sorrow-stricken old man—for, with all his faults, he loved the little boy—to reach the big house and the bedside of the child. He was in truth very ill, burning with fever, and old Betts, in mistaken kindness, had covered him up with blankets and given him warm tea to drink. His mouth was crimson, with a line of white around it, his eyes glittered strangely, and the restless hands moved to and fro.

Allie quietly threw back the heavy covering, bathed his hands and head, prepared ice-water for his parched mouth, and fanned him until he grew quite calm. Then he looked at her languidly, saying,

"Are you my mother? Other boys have mothers when they are sick. Where did my mother go —I looked for her—Betts said she was in the church-yard, but I couldn't find her. Did you ever see her there?"

Thus his pitiful ramblings went on. He recognized no one. The doctor came and went, but the medicines refused to act—the fever rioted through his veins, and all, except the father, knew now that little Nick must die. It was almost too much for Allie's composure when the poor old man came to the bedside at twilight, and, in a choking voice, said,

"Nick don't know no prayers—mebbe you'll say one for him."

Before she could answer a faint, weak voice from the bedside spoke,

"Yes I do, *she* told me one." And slowly and imperfectly he repeated, "Now I lay me;" then sighed with the unwonted effort, and relapsed into a state of quietness again.

Five days had gone by since Allie had come to nurse the boy. Other watchers relieved her, but he clung to her strangely. In his lucid intervals he had made his peace with her, and would lie quiet while she repeated or sung the hymns he loved holding her hand. She tried to lead him to think of the bright heaven where his mother was waiting for him; but he shook his head, sometimes wearily, saying,

"I 'spect I'm too wicked to stay there with her. If she would have staid down in the church-yard I could be there; but I don't b'leeve they will want me in heaven—I'm very bad you see. Betts says I am the worst boy ever was."

Then would come on feverish phantoms and muttered words. Thus wore on the days and nights. He began to ask for Arthur and Jack—they were already on their way home, and were expected every moment. They came just in time, for his hours were growing few. They came when the fever was almost spent, and the poor childish soul was trying to look upward where the teacher would fain lead him. He smiled feebly and returned their kiss; then he went on in his childish supplication, asking for pardon for "teasing old Betts; for hurting the dogs and cats;" and "please God forgive me for striking Miss Allie that day that I told her a lie 'bout Arthur's saying she was good for nothing, and crooked; and please let me come where Jesus will take care of me and help me find mother, and please let father—" They listened solemnly, but they heard no other word. Only a gasp, and little Nick could neither be sick nor troublesome any more.

Time flies on regardless of human joys and sorrows: the years come freighted with changes. Three years more have passed, and to the house under the maples there have come new faces. Josey Lane has a situation in a mercantile firm in the city, and his mother is keeping house for him, for Allie is Allie Lane no longer. In the big house she reigns its honored mistress, with the bravest arm to shelter her and the truest heart to love her in all the land; while the Squire, grown very grave and still, but with a new hope in his heart, and a new purpose in his life, blesses the hour when Arthur married the girl who was "Good for Nothing."

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN CANADA.

HAMILTON AND LONDON, CANADA WEST.

WE publish on page 588 a view of King Street, Hamilton, and on page 589 a general view of the city of London, the two principal cities in Canada West after Toronto. The Prince's visit has familiarized our readers with the names of both places.

Hamilton, the second city in Upper Canada in wealth, population, and commerce, is beautifully situated on Burlington Bay, a splendid sheet of water at the western extremity of Lake Ontario. Its present population is about 25,000, and as the city is rapidly recovering from the prostration of the late commercial crisis its number is already increasing. The town is built on an inclined plain rising gently from the shores of the bay for about two miles, where it is terminated by a ridge of high land known as "the Mountain." From this elevated plateau a most magnificent panoramic view can be obtained of the surrounding country, Toronto, though forty miles distant, being visible on clear days. Along the mountain's side are built the houses of many of the leading citizens, two of which have been selected for the residence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and suite on his arrival here on the 18th instant. The streets are well laid out, running at right angles, wide and well built, the buildings presenting a clean and handsome appearance from the whiteness of the stone used in their construction, and which is quarried in the neighborhood. The public buildings are numerous and handsome, and the wholesale warehouses unequaled in the province. The Annual Exhibition of the Provincial Agricultural Association is this year to be held at Hamilton, the inauguration of which will be graced by the presence of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. Our view represents part of King Street on the occasion of opening the fountains which have recently been erected, and add much to the appearance of the street. These fountains are supplied with water from Lake Ontario, by the water-works which the city has lately constructed at a cost of over $800,000; the water being pumped by enormous engines from Lake Ontario to a reservoir four miles distant on the mountain, from whence it is distributed to the city three miles off —these water-works far exceeding in size those of any other city in Canada.

London, Canada West, is a city beautifully situated almost midway between lakes Huron and Erie, in the County of Middlesex. It was laid out by the Canadian Government in 1826 as a county town, and from the beauty of its site, and the richness of the country around, soon began to increase in population. In 1830 there was a population of about 400 souls in London, and in 1832 it had risen to 1000. It became a garrison town in 1837, owing to the then serious rebellion in Canada, and from that time until 1853 there was always one and frequently two regiments stationed in the town. As each regiment consisted of about 1000, officers and men, the presence of the military caused a large expenditure, and thus aided greatly in adding to the importance and prosperity of the town. At the outbreak of the Crimean war, in 1853, the military were altogether removed, and the handsome and commodious barracks have since then been tenantless. London was incorporated as a city in 1855, and the population that year must have been not less than 12,000 souls, to which large number it had gone on steadily increasing during previous years. The city suffered severely from the bad crops of 1856–'57–'58, being almost entirely dependent on the agricultural community, and the great crisis of 1857 helped to add to the general depression. In 1859, however, there was a fair crop, and the crop of the present year is unusually abundant. Prospects are accordingly fast brightening, and there is now a general and increasing desire on the part of every one to pursue their business steadily and economically.

The population is not so great as in 1855, being now about 11,000, but the returning prosperity is already bringing in new-comers, and the city will soon go ahead once more. Within the last few years many handsome buildings have been erected, among which may be specially noticed the Bank of British North America, the Post-office, the Commercial Bank of Canada, and the City Hall, all of which are beautifully faced and ornamented with stone work. The Church of England, with its rectory, stands snugly embosomed in foliage, and the Church of Scotland, the Wesleyan Methodists, and Roman Catholics also possess elegant structures. The streets are wide and handsome, and in Dundas and Richmond streets the stores and buildings will vie with any others in Canada. There is a large produce market in London, where considerable business is done every day, and on Wednesdays and Saturdays, especially, the large market square, covering some five acres of land, is crowded with teams, and in their respective seasons immense quantities of wool, skins, cattle, and grains, fine and coarse, change hands. A great many Americans buy in this market, chiefly wool, horses, and wheat. In the market building itself, which is a neat and commodious structure, there is always a tempting display of fish, flesh, and fowl. London, from its situation and the rich and fertile country with which it is surrounded, may well be said, as is frequently observed, to be seated in the midst of the garden of Canada.

WANTED—A DIAMOND RING.

I SAW it kicked by the careless Balmorals of a jaunty nurse; I saw a fat morsel of humanity make for it with a hey!—broken into divers hey-ey-eys by pudgy trotting—and I stooped and secured it, thereby causing the fat one to pull up short, stare at me with two black currants stuck in a dreary expanse of dough, insert a dumpy thumb in an orifice of the same expanse, and trot back again with that stolid resignation under disappointment which is the peculiar attribute of the London infant population.

Having ascertained the nature of my prize, I proceeded to meditate on the proper course to be taken, which meditation resulted in the following advertisement:

> FOUND this evening, Wednesday, in the Regent's Park, nearly opposite the New College, a valuable diamond ring. The owner may recover it by calling at No. 19, Wilton Place, etc.

Before noon on the following day I was making my most courteous bow to a venerable-looking old gentleman whose white hairs and benevolent smile added a double charm to the grace with which he stepped forward, and, waving ceremony, extended his hand, saying:

"You have taken a weight from my mind, my young friend, and must allow me to thank you."

The insinuating delicacy of the adjective (I am not more than forty-five) was, perhaps, not without its effect. I accepted the offered pledge of amity in respectful silence.

"A young man," continued the patriarch, "may possibly find it difficult to understand how the loss of a trinket can be a source of positive suffering to an old one, but—I am alluding to my lost ring—there are associations connected with it which—ahem! This is childish, you will excuse my emotion."

I bowed profoundly in the presence of this natural agitation.

"I have passed some hours of sleeplessness and distress, from which you have been the means of relieving me—I feel deeply indebted to you. There remains nothing now but to reimburse you for—a—"

Here the old gentleman drew forth his purse, and proceeded to unclasp it.

"Excuse me, Sir," I stammered, rather hurriedly, "but if the ring is yours, you can doubtless describe the armorial bearings?"

"Armorial bearings, Sir! It was a diamond ring."

"Certainly."

"A plain diamond ring!" repeated the old gentleman, sternly. "Do not attempt to play tricks with me, young man. I will point out to you directly—"

"I beg your pardon," said I, drawing back from the outstretched hand, "but, as the ring in my possession is assuredly engraved with a crest and motto, I conclude it can not be the one you are in search of."

The old gentleman eyed me for a moment keenly.

"I am afraid you are right," he sighed, in a tone of deep dejection; "I must seek farther. Alas! what a melancholy termination to my hopeful journey."

"Speed the parting, welcome the coming guest," is a very good motto. I made no attempt to detain my venerable friend; but, as he turned toward the door, I am certain I saw beneath the silver hairs a lock of dark and shining brown.

My next visitor was a lady extensively got up, of imposing height and carriage, rouged, scented, spectacled.

"We meet under singular circumstances," began this lady, with condescending haughtiness. "I am the principal of a college for young ladies—"

With a deferential acknowledgment of the honor done me, I begged to know what had procured it.

"In the hours of recreation we are accustomed to promenade in the Park—a delightful spot; so suggestive of the blushing country!—during our ramble of yesterday, a young lady under my charge was unfortunate enough to lose her ring. You, Sir, are the fortunate finder."

"I certainly did, madam, pick up a ring; but—"

"Ah! how grateful my dear pupil will be at beholding it again!" exclaimed the teacher of youth, clasping her hands, ecstatically.

"May I trouble you to describe the ring?"

"Describe it! A diamond ring, Sir—handsome and massive, but plain."

"And the crest?"

"The crest! Ah! that my young charge were with me. Stupid! to have forgotten. The crest of the Deloraines. Is it a lion passant *or*? No; I am wrong. Unfortunate that she should be too unwell to accompany me! But it is immaterial; I will take it for her inspection—she will be able to recognize it at once."

"I fear, madam, that I should scarcely be justified—"

"Sir!!!"

"I feel it my duty," I said, firmly, "under the circumstances, to take every precaution against mistakes. I trust the young lady is not too seriously indisposed to give you the necessary description."

"Very well, Sir! Exceedingly well! It is I who have been mistaken. I fancied—yes; actually fancied—that I was speaking to a gentleman! You will find, Sir, to your cost, that the lady principal of a college is not to be insulted with impunity! I wish you a good-morning."

Very harrowing this. I am scarcely recovered from the lady principal when there is a dash of wheels to the door, and a young fellow, flinging the reins to a groom in livery, springs up the steps to the door-bell."

"Oh, dash it!" he begins, breathing out a volume of stale tobacco; "I beg your pardon, and that, but the old woman—dash it! I mean my mother—told me I should find my ring here, so I ordered out the vessel and the cats, and spun along like ninepence for it!"

"I shall be very glad to restore the ring I was unfortunate enough to find when I can discover its owner."

"Discover! dash it! Didn't I tell you it's mine? I say, I wish you wouldn't be so precious slow—I don't want the cats to catch cold, I've just had 'em shampooed, you know, naphthaed and that."

"What sort of ring was yours?"

"What sort! Oh, come, as if you didn't know —that's good."

I intimated that I should be glad to find out if *he* knew.

"Not know my own ring, eh! I know it's worth a couple o' ponies. Come, let's hear the damages, and I'll stump up."

"You can describe the device?"

"Device, eh? What, the governor's? Bless you, he has a device for every hour in the day, to do me out of my rightful allowance. Device! Oh, come, you don't expect me to do the heraldic dodge, dash it!"

"I can not give up the ring unless you describe it."

"Oh, dash it, don't chaff a fellow, now. I shouldn't care a rap about the thing, only it belonged to some defunct party, and the governor'd cut up so deuced rough. I've got heaps of 'em. Come, I'll swop you any one of these for it, because of the governor."

I respectfully declined the proposal.

"Well, dash it," exclaimed the young fellow, as though struck with a sudden idea, "what a couple of muffs we are! Why don't you turf the thing? I could tell in a minute if it's mine, dash it!"

I replied that I was sorry I could not oblige him, and adding that he had better obtain an exact description of the "thing" from his governor, I recommended him not to keep the cats any longer in the cold.

Mem. I am getting exceedingly tired of my treasure-trove. I retire to my room with a view of dressing to go out. I am informed that a lady wishes to see me, and I am afraid my mental ejaculation was not complimentary to the lady in question.

A tall, graceful figure, draped in heavy mourning, rises at my entrance. She opens the negotiation in some confusion, turning away her face. She has come to me in the hope of regaining a ring, carelessly lost, the parting gift of a fond father to her brother and herself.

My eye rests on the crape about her dress, on her pale beautiful face, from which the blush of confusion and timidity has faded. Deferentially I request her to describe it.

"A large diamond, handsome," she believed, "but valuable to her for far other reasons."

"But," I said, gently, "chased on the gold inside the ring there is—"

"A crest, I am aware of it," she answered, sadly, "but I know nothing of heraldry, and have never given it more than a casual glance. My brother is dying, Sir," she said, lifting up her pale face to mine. "Only this morning he missed the ring from my finger uneasily; we are alone in the world: it is the only relic left of one so lately taken from us, how can I tell him it is lost?"

"I am sorry to pain you," I said, striving to be firm; "but it would be more satisfactory for all parties, and cause but little delay, if you could obtain the description from your brother."

Without a word she turned away; the mournful resignation of her air and attitude touched me, and, as she turned, I saw a tear roll silently down and fall upon the hand stretched out to the door-handle. I couldn't stand that.

"Stop!" I exclaimed, "one moment. I am sure—I feel certain—I may trust you. You will tell me—"

I take the ring from its security, I hold it out timidly for the blue eyes to examine.

I see yet the look of delight overspread her fine features—I see the expression of almost childish pleasure in her eyes as she looked up at me, as she clasped her hands, and cried out, "The ring, the ring! Oh, Alfred, my dear brother!"

Her hand was upon it; such a tremulous happy eagerness in her glance; such a caressing fondness in her way of fingering it. How pretty she was!

"My dear child" (I am forty-five) "it gives me sincere pleasure—" Then I stammer, then I spring after her. "At least, you will leave your address with me."

What a look shades her face now! Wounded integrity mingled with pity for me.

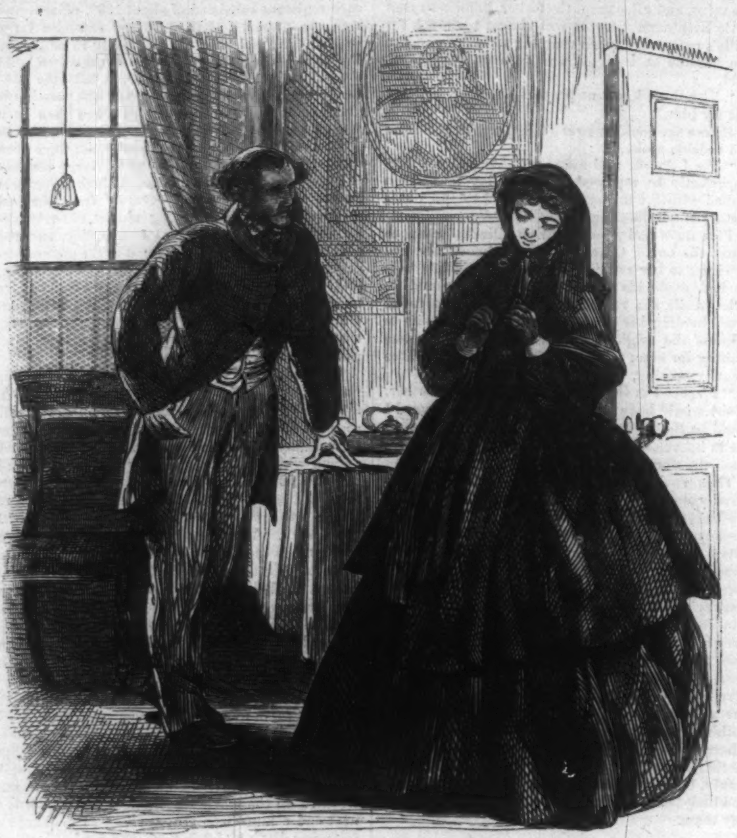
"Ah, Sir," she says, sadly, handing me the card on which she has been penciling, "some day you will be sorry for this. You do not trust me."

Certainly, I am a brute. The accent of reproach in her voice haunts me; the sorrowful glance of her eye—how pretty she is! I sit down to my breakfast in the morning, half inclined to call at the address given, and apologize for my heathenish distrust. How delightful to see her in her own peculiar atmosphere, ministering to the sick brother who is all she has in the world, to look upon if one can not enjoy the beautiful tenderness of a gentle sister to an afflicted brother. But my letters wait, and I toy with them. This is a hand I know. What does Fred want, I wonder? I tear it open: I read:

"DEAR JACK,—What a queer chance if you have stumbled upon my ring. I was obliged to run down to Romford late last evening, and never missed it till we slackened at Ilford. A pretty taking I've been in. If it's mine, the crest is inside: you know it—a mailed hand holding a lance, and the motto 'Armed at all points.' Verily, truth is stranger than fiction. Keep it for me.

"Thine, FRED VYNING."

Idiot! Gull! It is quite useless to call myself names. It is almost superfluous to add, that when I called at a certain address in Eaton Square to inquire for Miss Lucy Hamilton, the lady was not found. Probably, the "dear Alfred" had required speedy change of air; probably, brother and sister were even now embracing in rapturous gratitude over the precious relic of that one lost to them so lately. Was that dear one not lost, but transformed? Had the silver-haired patriarch of the first visit changed to the dashing buck of the third? And was the virtuous teacher of youth only the tender sister in masquerade? On my word, I believe so. I dare say they are enjoying the joke. Possibly it is a dodge often repeated. But what am I to say to Fred?



"THE RING, THE RING! OH, ALFRED, MY DEAR BROTHER!"

A DAY'S RIDE:

A LIFE'S ROMANCE.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

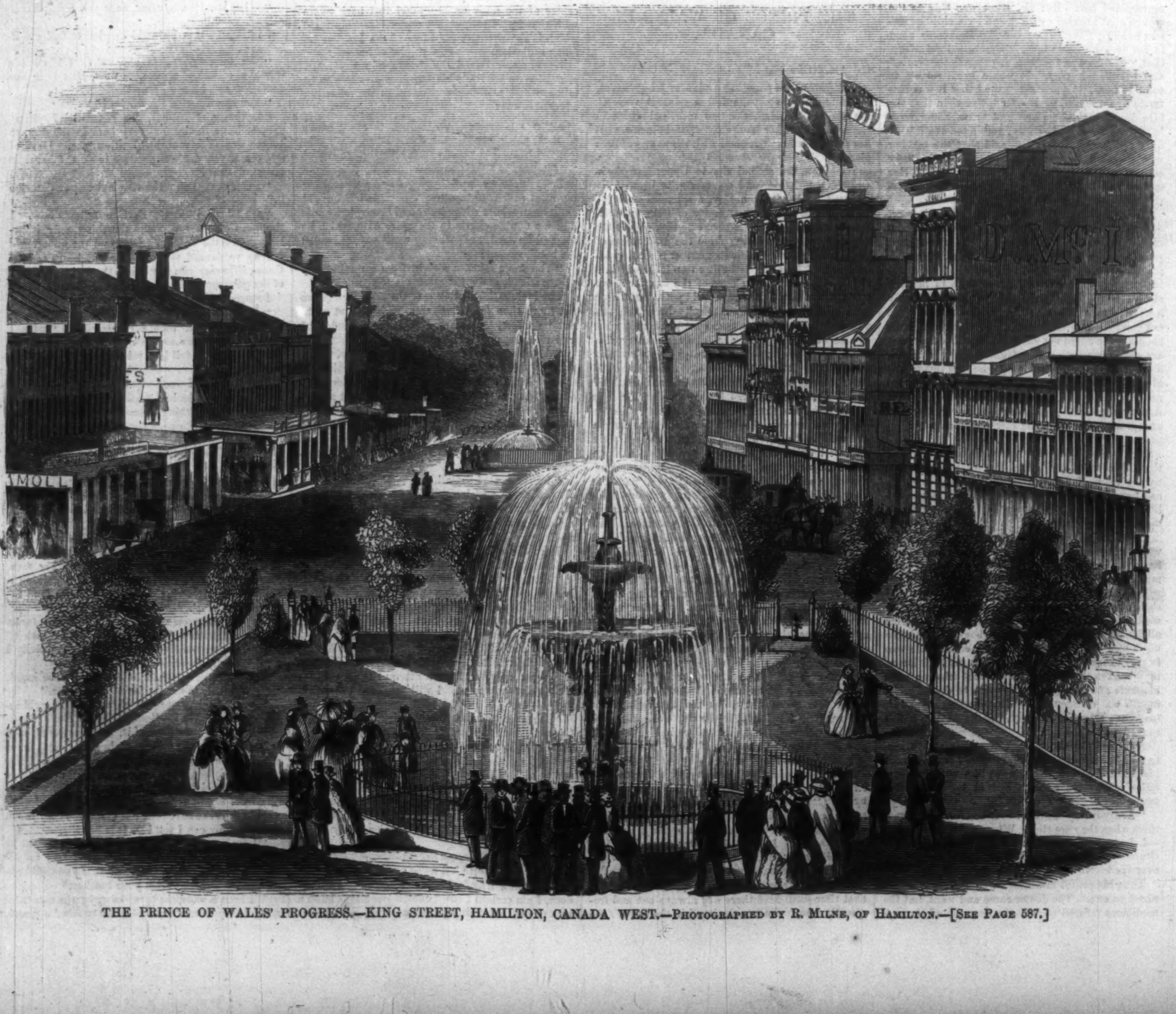
AUTHOR OF "CHARLES O'MALLEY," "HARRY LORREQUER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

FATHER DYKE was one of those characters which Ireland alone produces—a sporting priest. In France, Spain, or Italy, the type is unknown. Time was when the abbé, elegant, witty, and well-bred, was a great element of polished life; when his brilliant conversation and his insidious address threw all the charm of culture over a society which was only rescued from coarseness by the marvelous dexterity of such intellectual gladiators. They have passed away, like many other things brilliant and striking: the gilded coach, the red-heeled slipper, and the supper of the regency; the powdered marquise, for a smile of whose dimpled mouth the deadly rapier has flashed in the moonlight; the perfumed beauty, for one of whose glances a poet would have racked his brain to render worthily in verse; the gilded salon where, in a sort of incense, all the homage of genius was offered up before the altar of loveliness—gone are they all!

Au fond, the world is pretty much the same, although we drive to a club dinner in a one-horse brougham; and if we meet the curé of St. Roch, we find him to be rather a morose middle-aged man with a taste for truffles, and a talent for silence. It is not as the successor of the witty abbé that I adduce the sporting priest, but simply as a variety of the ecclesiastical character which, doubtless, a very few more years will have consigned to the realm of history. He, too, will be a by-gone! Father Tom, as he was popularly called, not ever needing any more definite designation, was tam Marte quam Mercurio, as much poacher as priest, and made his sporting acquirements subservient to the demands of an admirable table. The thickest salmon, the most curdy trout, the fattest partridge, and the most tender woodcock, smoked on his board, and, rumor said, cooked with a delicacy that more pretentious houses could not rival. In the great world nothing is more common than to see some favored individual permitted to do things which, by common voice, are proclaimed impracticable or improper. With a sort of prescriptive right to outrage the ordinances of society, such people accept no law but their own inclination, and seem to declare that they are altogether exempt from the restraints that bind other men. In a small way and an humble sphere, Father Tom enjoyed this privilege, and there was not in his whole county to be found one man churlish or ungenerous enough to dispute it; and thus was he suffered to throw his line, snap his gun, or unleash his dog in precincts where many with higher claims had been refused permission.

But it was not alone that he enjoyed the invigorating pleasure of field-sports in practice, but he delighted in every thing which bore any relationship to them. There was not a column of *Bell's Life* in which he had not his sympathy—the pigeon-match, the pedestrian, the Yankee trotter, the champion for the silver sculls at Chelsea, the dog "Billy," were all subjects of interest to him. Never did the most inveterate blue-stocking more delight in the occasion of meeting a great celebrity of letters, than did he when chance threw him in the way of the jock who rode the winner at the Oaks, or the game chicken who punished the "Croydon Pet" in the prize-ring. But now for the letter, which will as fully reveal the man as any mere description. It was a narrative of races he had attended, and rowing matches he had witnessed,



THE PRINCE OF WALES' PROGRESS.—KING STREET, HAMILTON, CANADA WEST.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY R. MILNE, OF HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

with little episodes of hawking, badger-drawing, and cock-fighting intermixed:

"I came down here—Brighton—to swim for a wager of five-and-twenty sovereigns against a Major Blayse, of the Third Light Dragoon Guards; we made the match after mess at Aldershot, when neither of us was any thing to speak of too sober; but as we were backed strongly—he rather the favorite—there was no way of drawing the bet. I beat him after a hard struggle; we were two hours and forty minutes in the water, and netted about sixty pounds besides. We dined with the dépôt in the evening, and I won a ten-pound note on a question of whether there ought to be saffron in the American drink called 'greased lightning;' but this was not the only piece of luck that attended me, as you shall hear. As I was taking my morning canter on the downs, I perceived that a stranger—a jockey-like fellow, not quite a gentleman, but near it—seemed to keep me in view; now riding past, now behind me, and always bestowing his whole attention on my nag. Of course I showed the beast off to the best, and handled him skillfully. I thought to myself, he likes the pony; he'll be for making me an offer for him. I was right. I had just seated myself at breakfast when the stranger sent his card with a request to speak to me. He was a foreigner, but spoke very correct English, and his object was to learn if I would sell my horse. It is needless to say that I refused at once. The animal suited me, and I was one of those people who find it excessively difficult to be mounted to their satisfaction. I needed temper, training, action, gentleness, beauty, high courage, and perfect steadiness, and a number of suchlike seeming incongruities. He looked a little impatient at all this; he seemed to say, 'I know all this kind of nonsense; I have heard shiploads of such gammon before. Be frank and say what's the figure; how much do you want for him?' He looked this, I say; but he never uttered a word, and at last I asked him,

"'Are you a dealer?'

"'Well,' said he, with an arch smile, 'something in that line.'

"'I thought so,' said I. 'The pony is a rare good one.'

"He nodded assent.

"'He can jump a bar of his own height?'

"Another nod.

"'And he's as fresh on his legs—'

"'As if he were not twenty-six years old,' broke he in.

"'Twenty-six fiddle-sticks! Look at his mouth; he has an eight-year old mouth.'

"'I know it,' said he, dryly; 'and so he had fourteen years ago. Will you take fifty sovereigns for him?' added he, drawing out a handful of gold from his pocket.

"'No,' said I, firmly; 'nor sixty, nor seventy, nor eighty!'

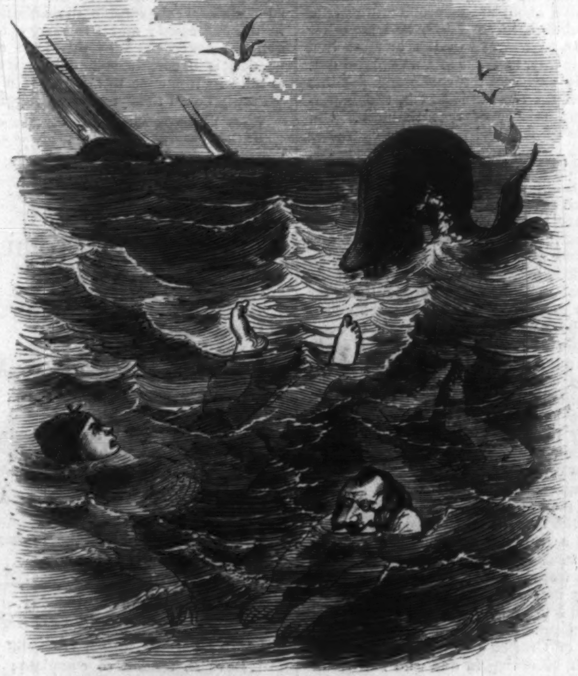
"'I am sorry to have intruded upon you,' said he, rising, 'and I beg you to excuse me. The simple fact is, that I am one who gains his living by horses, and it is only possible for me to exist by the generosity of those who deal with me.'

"This appeal was a home thrust, and I said, 'What can you afford to give?'

"'All I have here,' said he, producing a handful of gold, and spreading it on the table.

"We set to counting, and there were sixty-seven sovereigns in the mass. I swept off the money into the palm of my hand, and said, 'The beast is yours.'

"He drew a long breath, as if to relieve his heart of a load of care, and said, 'Men of *my* stamp, and who lead such lives as I do, are rarely superstitious.'



SWIMMING FOR A WAGER AGAINST A MAJOR BLAYSE.

"'Very true,' said I, with a nod of encouragement for him to go on.

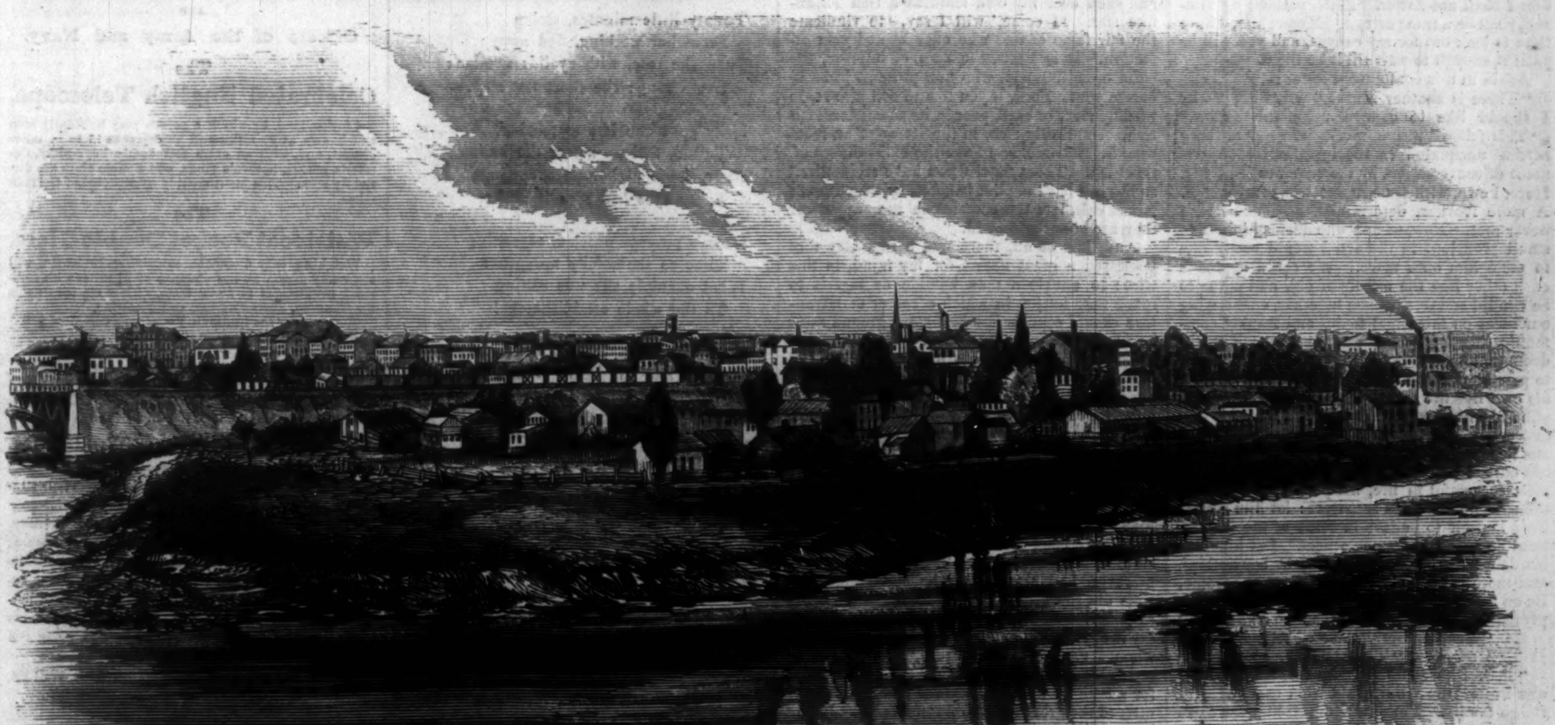
"'Well,' said he, resuming, 'I never thought for a moment that any possibility could have made me so. If ever there was a man that laughed at lucky and unlucky days, despised omens, sneered at warnings, and scorned at predictions, I was he; and yet I have lived to be the most credulous and the most superstitious of men. It is now fourteen years and twenty-seven days—I remember the time to an hour—since I sold that pony to the Prince Ernest von Saxenhausen, and since that day I never had luck. So long as I owned him all went well with me. I ought to tell you that I am the chief of a company of equestrians, and one corps, known as "Klams kunk ridens," was the most celebrated on the Continent. In three years I made three hundred thousand guilders, and if the devil had not induced me to sell "Schätzchen"—that was his name—I should be this day as rich as Herman Rothschild! From the hour he walked out of the circus our calamities began. I lost my wife by fever at Wiesbaden, the most perfect high-school horse-woman in Europe; my son, of twenty years of age, fell and dislocated his neck; the year after, at Vienna, my daughter Gretchen was blinded riding through a fiery hoop at Homburg; and four years later, all the company died of yellow fever at the Havana, leaving me utterly beggared and ruined. Now these, you would say, though great misfortunes, are all in the course of common events. But what will you say when, on the eve of each of them, "Schätzchen" appeared to me in a dream, performing some well-known feat or other, and bringing down, as he ever did, thunders of applause; and never did he so appear without a disaster coming after. I struggled hard before I suffered this notion to influence me. It was years before I even mentioned it to any one; and I used for a while to make a jest of it in the circus, saying, "Take care of yourselves to-night, for I saw 'Schätzchen.'" Of course they were not the stuff to be deterred by such warnings, but they became so at last. That they did, and were so terrified, so thoroughly terrified, that the day after one of my visions not a single member of the troop would venture on a hazardous feat of any kind; and if we performed at all, it was only some commonplace exercises, with few risks and no daring exploits whatever. Worn out with evil fortune, crushed and almost broken-hearted, I struggled on for years, secretly determining, if ever I should chance upon him, to buy back "Schätzchen" with my last penny in the world. Indeed, there were moments in which such was the intense excitement of my mind, I could have committed a dreadful crime to regain possession of him. We were on the eve of embarking for Ostend the other night, when I saw you riding on the strand, and I came ashore at once to track you out, for I knew him, though fully half a mile away. None of my comrades could guess what detained me, nor understand why I asked each of them in turn to lend me whatever money he could spare. It was in this way I made up the little purse you see. It was thus provided that I dared to present myself to-day before you.'

"As he gave me this narrative his manner grew more eager and excited as he went on, and I could not help feeling that his mind, from the long-continued pressure of one thought, had received a serious shock. It was exactly one of those cases which physicians describe as leaving the intellect unimpaired while the faculties are under the thralldom of a dominant and all-pervading impression. I saw this more palpably, when, having declined to accept more than his original offer of fifty pounds, I replaced the remainder in his hand, he evinced scarcely any gratitude for my liberality, so totally was he engrossed by the idea that the horse was now his own, and that Fortune would no longer have any pretext for using him so severely as before.

"'I don't know—I can not know,' said he, 'if Fortune mean to deal more kindly by me than heretofore, but I feel a sort of confidence in the future now; I have a kind of trustful courage as to what may come, that tells me no disaster will deter me, no mishap cast me down.'

"These were his words as he arose to take his leave. Of his meeting with the pony I am afraid to trust myself to speak. It was such an overflow of affection as one might witness from a long absent brother on being once again restored to his own. I can not say that the beast knew him, nor would I go so far as to assert that he did not, for certainly some of his old instincts seemed gradually to revive within him on hearing certain words; and when ordered to take a respectful farewell of me, the pony planted a foreleg on each of his master's shoulders, and, taking off his hat with his teeth, bowed twice or thrice in the most deferential fashion to me. I wished them both every success in life, and we parted. As I took my evening's stroll on the pier I saw them embark for Ostend, the pony sheeted most carefully, and every imaginable precaution taken to insure him against cold. The man himself was poor clad and indifferently provided against the accidents of the voyage. He appeared to feel that the disparity required a word of apology, for he said, in a whisper: '*It*'ll soon furnish me with a warm cloak; it'll not leave me long in difficulties!' I assure you, my dear Crofton, there was something contagious in the poor fellow's superstition, for, as he sailed away, the thought lay heavily on my heart, 'What if I, too, should have parted with my good luck in life? How if I have bartered my fortune for a few pieces of money?' The longer I dwelt on this theme the more forcibly did it strike me. My original possession of the animal was accomplished in a way that aided the illusion. It was thus I won him on a hit of backgammon!"

As I read thus far, the paper dropped from my hands, my head reeled, and in a faint dreamy state, as if drugged by some strong narcotic, I sank, I know not how long, unconscious. The first thing which met my eyes on awakening, was the line, "I won him on a hit of backgammon!" The whole story was at once before me. It was of Blondel I was reading! Blondel was the beast whose influence had swayed one man's destiny. So long as he owned him, the world went well and happily with him; all prospered and succeeded. It was a charm like the old lamp of Aladdin. And this was the treasure I had lost. So far from imputing an ignorant superstition to the German, I concurred in every speculation, every theory of his invention. The man had evidently discovered one of those curious problems in what we rashly call the doctrine of chances. It was not the animal himself that secured good fortune, it was that, in his "circumstances," what Strauff calls "die unringende Begebenheiten" of his lot, this creature was sure to call forth efforts and develop resources in his possessor, of which, without his aid, he would have gone all through life unconscious.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF LONDON, CANADA WEST.—[SEE PAGE 587.]

The vulgar notion that our lives are the sport of accident—the minute too early or too late—the calm that detained us—the snow-storm that blocked the road—the chance meeting with this or that man, which we lay such stress on—what are they in reality but trivial incidents without force or effect, save as they impel to action? They call out certain qualities in our nature by which our whole characters become modified. Your horse balks at a fence and throws you over his head; the fall is not a very grave one, and you are scarcely hurt; you have fallen into a turnip-field, and the honest fellow who is hoeing away near comes kindly to your aid, and, in good Samaritan fashion, bathes your temples and restores you. When you leave him at last, you go forth with a kindlier notion of human nature; you recognize that tie "that makes the world akin," and you seem to think that hard toil hardens not the heart, nor a life of labor shuts out generous sympathies—the lesson is a life one. But suppose that in your fall you alight on a bed of choice tulips, your descent is made of a rich parterre of starry anemones, and that your first conscious struggles are met with words of anger and reproach, instead of sorrow for your suffering; you hear sarcasms on your horsemanship, and insults on your riding. No sympathy, no kindness, no generous anxiety for your safety, but all that can irritate and offend. More thought, in fact, for the petals of a flower than for the ligaments of your knee. There, too, is the lesson—a life one—and its fruits will be bitter memories for many a year. The events of our existence are in reality nothing, save in our treatment of them. By Blondel did I recognize one of those suggestive influences which mould fate by moulding temperament. The deep-reflecting German saw this: it was clear *he* knew that in that animal was typified all that his life might become. Why should not I contest the prize with him? Blondel was charged with another destiny as well as his.

I turned once more to the letter, but I could not bear to read it, so many were the impertinent allusions to myself, my manner, my appearance, and my conversation. Still more insulting were the speculations as to what class or condition I belonged to. "He puzzled us completely," wrote he, "for while unmistakably vulgar in many things, there were certain indications of reading and education about him that refuted the notion of his being what Keldrum thought—an escaped counter-jumper! The Guardsman insisted he was a valet: my own impression was, the fellow had kept a small circulating library, and gone mad with the three-volume novels. At all events, I have given him a lesson which, whether profitable or not to *him*, has turned out tolerably well for *me*. If ever you chance to hear of him—his name was Podder or Pedder, I think—pray let me know, for my curiosity is still unslaked about him." He thence went off to a sort of descriptive catalogue of my signs and token, so positively insulting that I can not recall it; the whole winding up—"Add to all these, an immense pomposity of tone, with a lisp and a Dublin accent, and you can scarcely mistake him." Need I say, benevolent reader, that fouler calumnies were never uttered, nor more unfounded slanders ever pronounced?

It is not in this age of photography that a man need defend his appearance. By the aid of sun and collodion I may perhaps convince you that I am not so devoid of personal graces as this foul-mouthed priest would persuade you. I am, possibly, in this pledge, exceeding the exact limits which this publication may enable me to sustain. I may be contracting an engagement which can not be, consistent with its principles, fulfilled. If so, I must be your artist; but I swear to you that I shall not flatter. Potts, painted by himself, shall be a true portrait. Meanwhile, I have time to look out for my canvas, and you will be patient enough to wait till it be filled.

Again to this confounded letter:

"There is another reason," wrote he, "why I should like to chance upon this fellow." ("This fellow" meant me.) "I used to fancy myself unequaled in the imaginative department of conversation, by the vulgar called lying. Here, I own, with some shame, he was my match. A more fearless, determined, go-ahead liar, I never met. Now, as one who deems himself no small proficient in the art, I would really like to meet him once more. We could approach each other like the augurs of old, and agree to be candid and free-spoken together, exchanging our ideas on this great topic, and frankly communicating any secret knowledge each might deem that he possessed. I'd go a hundred miles to pass an evening with him alone, to hear from his own lips the sort of early training and discipline his mind went through, who were his first instructors, what his original inducements. Of one thing I feel certain: a man thus constituted has only to put the curb upon his faculty to be most successful in life, his perils will all lie in the exuberance of his resources: let him simply bend himself to believe in some of the impositions he would force upon others. Let him give his delusions the force acquired by convictions, and there is no limit to what he may become. Be on the look-out, therefore, for him, as a great psychological phenomenon, the man who outlied

"Your sincerely attached friend,

"THOMAS DARCY DYKE."

"P.S. I have just remembered his name. It was Potts: the villain said from the Pozzo di Borgo family. I'm sure with this hint you can't fail to run him to earth; and I entreat of you spare no pains to do it."

There followed here some more impertinent personalities as clews to my discovery, which my indulgent reader will graciously excuse me if I do not stop to record; enough to say they were as unfounded as they were scurrilous.

Another and very different train of thought, however, soon banished these considerations. This letter had been given me by Crofton, who had already read it; he had perused all this insolent narrative about me before handing it to me, and, doubtless, in so doing, had no other intention than to convey, in the briefest and most emphatic way, to me that I was found out. It was simply saying, in the shortest possible space, "Thou art the man!" Oh, the ineffable shame and misery of that thought! Oh, the bitterness of feeling! How my character should now be viewed and my nature discussed! "Only think, Mary," I fancied I heard him say—"only think who our friend should turn out to be—this same Potts: the fellow that vanquished Father Dyke in story-telling, and outlied the priest! And here we have been lavishing kindness and attentions upon one who, after all, is little better than a swindler, sailing under false colors and fictitious credentials; for who can now credit one syllable about his having written those verses he read for us, or composed that tale of which he told us the opening? What a lesson in future about extending confidence to utter strangers! What caution and reserve should it not teach us! How guarded should we be not to suffer ourselves to be fascinated by the captivations of manner and the insinuating charms of address! If Potts had been less prepossessing in appearance, less gifted and agreeable—if, instead of being a consummate man of the world, with the breeding of a courtier and the knowledge of a scholar, he had been a pedantic puppy with a lisp and a Dublin accent—" Oh, ignominy and disgrace! these were the very words of the priest in describing me, which came so patly to my memory, and I grew actually sick with shame as I recalled them. I next became angry. Was this conduct of Crofton's delicate or considerate? Was it becoming in one who had treated me as his friend thus abruptly to conclude our intimacy by an insult? Handing me such a letter was saying, "There's a portrait, can you say any one it resembles?" How much more generous had he said, "Tell me all about this wager of yours with Father Dyke—I want to hear *your* account of it, for old Tom is not the most veracious of mortals nor the most mealy-mouthed of commentators. Just give me *your* version of the incident, Potts, and I am satisfied it will be the true one." That's what he might, that's what he ought to have said. I can swear it is what I, Potts, would have done by *him*, or by any other stranger whose graceful manners and pleasing qualities had won my esteem and conciliated my regard. I'd have said, "Potts, I have seen enough of life to know how unjust it is to measure men by one and the same standard. The ardent, impassioned nature can not be ranked with the cold and calculating spirit. The imaginative man has the same necessity for the development of his creature faculty as the strongly muscular man of bodily exercise. He must blow off the steam of his invention or the boiler will not contain it. You and Le Sage and Alexandre Dumas are a category. You are not the Clerks of a Census Commission, or Masters in Equity. You are the chartered libertines of fiction. Shake out your reefs and go free—free as the winds that waft you!"

To all these reflections came the last one. "I must be up and doing, and that speedily! I will recover Blondel, if I devote my life to the task. I will regain him, let the cost be what it may. Mounted upon that creature, I will ride up to the Rosary; the time shall be evening; a sun just sunk behind the horizon shall have left in the upper atmosphere a golden and rosy light, which shall tip his mane with a softened lustre, and shed over my own features a rich Titian-like tint. 'I come,' will I say, 'to vindicate the fair fame of one who once owned your affection. It is Potts, the man of impulse, the child of enthusiasm, who now presents himself before you. Poor, if you like to call him so, in worldly craft or skill, poor in its possessions, but rich, boundlessly rich, in the stores of an ideal wealth. Blondel and I are the embodiment of this idea. These fancies you have stigmatized as lies are but the pilot balloons by which great minds calculate the currents in that upper air they are about to soar in.'"

And, last of all, there was a sophistry that possessed a great charm for my mind, in this wise: to enable a man humble as myself to reach that station in which a career of adventure should open before him some ground must be won, some position gained. That I assume to be something that I am not, is simply to say that I trade upon credit. If my future transactions be all honorable and trust-worthy—if by a fiction, only known to my own heart, I acquire that eminence from which I can distribute benefits to hundreds—who is to stigmatize me as a fraudulent trader?

Is it not a well-known fact that many of those now acknowledged as the wealthiest of men, might, at some time or other of their lives, have been declared insolvent had the real state of their affairs been known? The world, however, had given them its confidence, and time did the rest. Let the same world be but as generous toward *me!* The day will come—I say it confidently and boldly—the day will come when I can "show my books," and "point to my balance sheet." When Archimedes asked for a base on which to rest his lever, he merely uttered the great truth that some one fixed point is essential to the success of a motive power.

It is by our use or abuse of opportunity we are either good or bad men. The physician is not less conversant with noxious drugs than the poisoner; the difference lies in the fact that the one employs his skill to alleviate suffering, the other, to work out evil and destruction. If I, therefore, but make some feigned station in life the ground-work from which I can become the benefactor of my fellow-men, I shall be good and blameless. My heart tells me how well and how fairly I mean by the world: I would succor the weak, console the afflicted, and lift up the oppressed; and if to carry out grand and glorious conceptions of this kind all that be needed is a certain self-delusion which may extend its influence to others, "Go in," I say, "Potts; be all that your fancy suggests—

> Dives, honoratis, pulcher, rex denique regum—
> Be rich, honored, and fair, a prince or a begum—

but, above all, never distrust your destiny or doubt your star."

TWO LOVE STORIES.

I.

LAURA LESLIE has a lover;
She is lovely, loving he;
The summer birds that sing above her
Scarcely are so blithe as she.

Happy days! when she awakens,
Flowers from him are by her bed;
Every lonely hour she reckons
Brings a gift in Harry's stead.

Every sunset, through the flowers,
Laura and her lover stray,
Heedless of the fleeting hours,
Heedless of the waning day.

Laura's parents watch, admiring
Love so tender, so complete;
While a little orphan hireling
Plies her needle at their feet.

What should now delay the marriage?
Every comfort they prepare;
House and gardens, horses, carriage,
Fall to Laura Leslie's share.

Soon, upon a summer morning,
Mary stands by Laura's side,
Little orphan hands adorning
Harry's young and happy bride.

II.

Orphan Mary has a lover;
Miles away from her is he;
The wintry clouds that hang above her
Scarcely are so sad as she.

Every morning when she wakens,
Prays she for her absent John;
On a knotted stick she reckons
Every lonely day that's gone.

Twice a year he leaves his labor,
Walks across the country wide,
And waits for Mary in an arbor,
By the Leslies' garden-side.

First, when she had seen him weary,
Worn and wasted by the heat,
Simple-hearted orphan Mary
Ask'd him in to take a seat.

Twenty little minutes, stolen
From her working, fled away;
Then she rose, with eyelids swollen:
Laura rang; she must not stay.

Mary gave one kiss at parting,
Turn'd, and lo, across the hall,
Angry looks at her were darting;
Angry eyes had seen it all.

Laura's parents watch'd, regretting
Time so shamefully misspent:
What example she was setting
To the whole establishment!

Mary blushed and stood convicted;
Often had she heard it said
Followers were interdicted;
Wherefore had she disobey'd?

What though John was true and loving?
What though he was all to her?
In the sphere where she was moving
He was but "a follower."

Twice a year, now, orphan Mary
Waits till every servant sleeps;
Then, with footsteps slow and wary,
To the lonely arbor creeps.

There, or nowhere, she must meet him;
Ere the morning, he must go;
There, unseen, her kiss may greet him;
There, unchid, her tears may flow.

Thus, an angry witness dreading,
Mary thinks her love her shame:
Should it never end in wedding,
Who shall bear the bitter blame?

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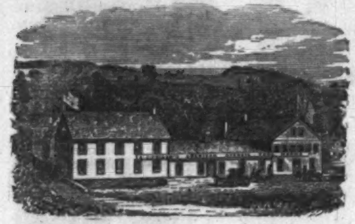

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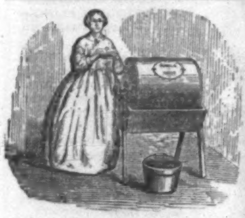

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